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## OXFORD AND CAMBRIDGE.

WHO does not own to a deep and painful interest in the great English Universities? Who has not some tie that binds his regards, either for pleasure or pain, with those time-honoured abodes that sleep upon the banks of Cam and Isis? Who has not some memory or association that lingers in his bosom, and attracts his thoughts with an instant spell, the moment the names of Oxford and Cambridge are mentioned, and their condition and destinies brought under discussion? There is surely not a man to whom either literature, politics, or religion are dear, who does not appropriate to himself, in some measure or other, the glories or the shame of those antique colleges, and watch their progress in the tide of time with a personal interest, such as we can feel for few things which are not part and parcel of our own actual homes, and the companions with whom we are daily living?

For centuries and centuries those cities have exercised a most potent influence in the fate of this nation. From those cold, damp, level spots, where towers, and spires, and domes,—where libraries, and halls, and chapels, bespeak the piety, the learning, and the energies of our fathers, whatever they may betoken in the present generation, there has come forth no inconsiderable portion of the greatest names in the senate, the bar, and the literary world. Religions, too, of every kind, have found their most vigorous and successful expounders within the walls of those aged piles. From the days of Alfred to those of Waynflete and Wickham, the old faith ruled supreme; and now for three hundred years there is not a school of theology which has not for a time struggled manfully, if it has not won a triumphant victory, amid those cloistered shades. The Puritan, the High Churchman, the Calvinist, the Tractarian, each in turn has had his day of power and fame in the Universities, and has there moulded the thoughts of

thousands and tens of thousands of some of the most eminent and influential men who own the English name.

Every day shews, however, that the fate of Oxford and Cambridge will be sealed, unless some vital change be introduced into the very heart of their systems. They can no more stand as they are than the old worn-out despotisms of Europe can resist the shock of this overwhelming century. Unless some deep, complete, and systematic renovation take place in their very fundamental ideas, they are doomed; they will either be swept away in a torrent of revolution and destruction, or sink in miserable imbecility to the level of literary almshouses, and become mere nurseries of theological old women. The popular *prestige* in their favour is speedily passing away; they are behind their age, as indeed they ever have been; and the speed at which *this* age rushes headlong onwards is so fearfully swift, that they who are content to be dragged at its chariot-wheels must be dashed in pieces, and then thrown aside and forgotten.

Could the public mind, indeed, once see Oxford and Cambridge as they are, we are convinced that a general cry of astonishment and indignation would arise even from those who most ardently desire their well-being, and not their destruction. Could the anxious fathers and mothers, the careful guardians, the uninitiated lovers of religion, literature, and art; and, above all, the rough, honest, unprejudiced race of sturdy men of business and toil,—could they but once behold the veil of mystery raised, and peer into the recesses of undergraduate and tutorial life, there is scarcely a voice that would not swell the clamour for instantaneous radical reformation in the very notions of education which are dominant therein. We have no hesitation in asserting, that the fundamental theories of education which reign in these two Universities are flagrant violations of common sense, and as much at variance with the ideas which English people entertain on every other subject in life as they are incompatible with the well-being of a place of moral and intellectual discipline. The ridiculous absurdities and scandalous abuses which are from time to time made public in the newspapers; the complicity of the University tradespeople with the Undergraduates' excesses, which at this very time the more respectable in their body are endeavouring to correct; the shameful rustications and expulsions; the never-forgotten pluckings; the astonishing ignorance of all valuable knowledge on the part of a vast number of those who obtain their degrees; the incompetence of the average class of Oxford and Cambridge men to deal with the realities of actual life, and their enslavement to words, and forms, and scholastic pedantry,—all these, which at present the popular mind believes to be the *essential* evils of the Universities, are but the results of a rotten

system, the symptoms of a deadly disease at the heart itself. They may be corrected in a measure and for a time,—they may be covered over with a cloak of concealment,—they may shrink away before the reproofs of reforming members of Parliament, or irritated parents, or abuse-hunting journalists; but so long as the present ideas of education itself retain their hold upon the Colleges, these abominations will again and again burst forth into unhealthy life, until the whole fabric is levelled before the angry tribunal of outraged common sense.

We have before called our readers' attention to this radical defect in the English University system; but the subject is one of such vast importance, and is at the present time occupying so much of the attention of those who are especially interested in the management of the Universities, that we do not hesitate again to lay open the real condition of the question. The evils of the University system, then, are shewn in two distinct points. They fail as places of general education and discipline, and they fail as places of particular and professional education. The cry that is raised against them is directed against this double delinquency; but the source of the mischief is one and the same. Whatever strikes to the root of the error will cure both evils at the same moment. The real abuse of Oxford and Cambridge lies in this, that they never dream of taking the youth as he is, and moulding his entire moral and intellectual character by the influence of a complete system of instruction and discipline. Professing to educate, to form the mind, to cultivate the taste, to direct the studies, to control the moral nature, they are guilty of the most glaring dereliction of their duty, and actually leave the young man more completely his own master than he can ever find himself at any future period of his life. They place him under a few trifling restraints; they require his attendance at a few lectures, often of the most worthless kind; they compel him to be present at chapel a certain number of times in the week; they refuse to give him his degree unless he can pass a particularly easy and limited examination; and then turn him loose upon the world, or hand him back to his anxious father and mother, with the audacious pretence that they have formed his mind, instructed him in his religion, fixed his opinions, and fitted him for the fulfilment of all the duties of life.

To those who know the Universities by their own personal experience, or by that of their friends and kinsfolk, there is something almost passing the bounds of absurdity in the notion that Oxford and Cambridge are places in which the mind is trained by the authorities of the University, and of the separate Colleges. The young men *train themselves*, either for good or for evil; they are their own masters; they spend as much money as they choose; they associate with whom they choose; they read what books they choose, or if they prefer it, they read little or nothing at all; they go to bed at midnight, or at two or three o'clock in the morning, just as they like; they give as many parties as they like; they drink as much wine as they like: in a word, they are expected only to conform to a few easy regulations, and then they must take their chance of ruin, both in body and soul, purse and intellect, according to their own free, uncontrolled wills.

Hence follows the monstrous anomaly, that wise people will not send their sons to the Universities until their characters are as well formed as possible. It is not safe for a young man to go to a place of education, until he has acquired sufficient strength of mind, under better influences, to resist the temptations that will be-

set him in that very seminary which professes to train him in heart and in head! Was there ever anything heard more inconceivably absurd? Was there ever a more palpable perversion of common sense than the idea of the necessity of preparing a youthful mind for the perils of the place where he is to be brought up? We might as well say, that it was necessary for a man to fortify himself by prayer and watchfulness against the snares and deceits of public worship, before he went to church on a Sunday morning.

Oxford and Cambridge will never do their duty, or regain that place in the esteem of the country which they once held, until they are prepared to take the real charge of a young man at the age of sixteen or seventeen, and to do for him *every thing* that is needed for the complete formation of his heart and his intelligence. It is the bounden duty of every person who undertakes the fearfully responsible task of education, to place the growing mind in such a perfect mould, that not an hour of his days shall be passed except in such a manner as may tend to the elevation of his character and the correction of his faults. The present system is an imposture; it is no education at all; it has no real discipline at all; it is a mere communication of a few scattered fragments of knowledge, and has no more any effect of moral training than the words of command of a drill-sergeant, when he cries "eyes right," or "left shoulders forward." There needs no set of tyrannical rules, no iron frame into which the unformed spirit is to be thrust with reckless cruelty, no mean surveillance or espionage; but a vigilant, strict, and affectionate regulation of the *whole* of the young man's daily life.

Were such a system as this adopted,—and if the present authorities are unable to devise and carry out such an one, they ought to give place to better men,—were such the system of these venerable seats of learning, the entire general education would be ended some two or three years before the period when that pretended education which is now attained is finished; and two or three years would remain to be devoted to the special studies which are necessary to fit the young Englishman for all the varieties of professional life. The formation of the *man* would be complete; and he might turn as he chose to those subjects to which his future calling required him to give himself, with all the energies of a disciplined and enlightened mind. But until this reformation takes place,—until the mockery that now usurps the name of education is banished for ever, and Oxford and Cambridge become such abodes of sound training and laborious toil that the parent may commit his child to their influence with undoubting confidence, they will continue to hasten more and more rapidly down the steep of disgrace and incompetency, till they are either shelved as useless lumber, or crushed before the attacks of their bitter foes.

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#### THE GREAT EPOCH.

THE European and Western world has known two great periods of intellectual development, which we are accustomed to designate as the ages of ancient and modern civilisation. The first took its origin from Egypt and the cities of Asia Minor, attained a rapid perfection in the little commonwealth of Greece, and reached its culminating point in Athens in the times of Pericles. Then, spreading throughout the manifold divisions of the Greek nation, and laying hold of the powerful and energetic mind of Rome, it influenced more or less all the kingdoms of Europe and Africa which owned the sway of the overwhelming Roman empire, and finally sunk gradually back again into barbarism, partly through the political and moral corrup-



tions of the age, partly through the incursions of the wild nations of the north, and partly also through its own inherent weakness and fundamentally erroneous principles.

Then followed an epoch of darkness and barbarism, when might unblushingly assumed the lordship over right,—when all ancient ideas, institutions, and customs, were trampled recklessly under foot, and the light of religion, of literature, and art, shining, as it were, in a dark place, struggled faintly through the surrounding gloom, and served but to make more manifest its impenetrable shadows. Then, too, after a while a faint light was discerned by those whose eyes were strained in looking for the morning. It glimmered with an almost imperceptible radiance over the horizon, and as the time advanced, it lit up here and there, in the broad but darkened heaven, the skirts of the impending clouds, tinged them with a softened grey, a pale, tender yellow, and at length with a ruddy, joyous glow, to be followed by the rising of the life-giving sun in all his strength, though still he shone through mist and clouds, and gave but the promise of his clear noonday effulgence.

From that hour until now, the day of modern civilisation and cultivation has continued to advance, sometimes through storms and tempests, sometimes in calm and sunshine, sometimes with an atmosphere dull, cold, and dreary as a November's cheerless sky. Whether it has in our own time attained to its noontide, or to its afternoon, it were perhaps in vain to speculate. It may be that the sun of intelligence and wisdom has not yet reached its zenith, and the hour of noon is not yet arrived; it may be that the destinies of our race are so involved in the evils of our nature, that it will not be given to mankind to behold a brighter heaven than it has already witnessed, or than it now sees,—that the noontide of the modern day is already passed, and the steadier and more enervating brightness of a later hour is at this time upon us.

Whatever be the fact, however, few things are more interesting to the observant eye than to look back upon the progress of this our day, and to picture to itself its early dawn, and its morning of brilliant promise. That it has been a day of true and beautiful brightness, and that its light still continues to shine upon the world in unfading beams, is a fact which few will be found in the middle of the nineteenth century to dispute. Rejoicing, therefore, that our lot is cast in these times, and looking forward with hope to a conclusion of our day more peaceful, more soothing, more impregnated with the balmy breath of heaven than any hours of its morning and forenoon have been, we look back with peculiar interest and delight to the moment when the dawn first gave way to the light of day, and the sun rose upon our world with open face.

That time was the epoch of the thirteenth century. In that era the great men were born and flourished who have led the way in the march of modern intelligence. The peculiar characteristics of our civilisation were then for the first time beheld, not merely struggling for an existence in doubtful conflict with the ideas and habits of a previous age, but in living, powerful, and victorious operation. They then began to mould men's minds into a new form; they claimed for themselves a place in the recognised truths of society; they were the animating principles of a succession of men of wonderful genius and abilities, who devoted themselves to their study, their development, and their propagation. During that great epoch the hand of Providence brought into the European world a series of minds in whose case the natural powers, the ardent will, and the fostering circumstances combined to give them a pre-eminence above their fellows and to enable them to produce results whose influence was instantly felt in the remodelling the whole fabric of Western life. Before this epoch we see first a period of darkness, ignorance, helplessness, the really "dark ages;" then follows a time during which mankind seems to have been labouring to feel its way to something more true and more elevating than the state of things to which it found itself in bondage,—a time of effort, a time of doubt, a time of difficulty, which issued in a century that gave birth to a host of men in whom genius and resolution combined

to place them far in advance of their contemporaries; and who straightway went forward in the way that led to futurity,—treading with no hesitating step, believing with no doubtful fears, and speaking with no inarticulate voice.

It is, indeed, not a little remarkable, that, with one single exception, every department of intellectual cultivation in which the European mind has since attained any eminence found its successful leader in the thirteenth century. The impulse was then given which vibrated through the whole frame of society, and re-animated the sinking body. No other epoch can be named in the history of mankind which has exercised so potent an influence upon posterity; no other period in which the tokens of awakening life were so universally seen, or in which appears so bright a cluster of the illustrious names of those who have formed anew the arts, the sciences, the studies, and the habits of their fellow-creatures. We who live in the midst of the nineteenth century, when old things are passing away more rapidly than ever, and truths which but a few generations, or a few years, ago were hardly recognised by the world in general, are now received as the very elements of natural truth and right,—we are, in reality, living upon the thoughts and actions of six hundred years ago, and carrying out into their results the principles which first came forth into energetic working in the thirteenth century. Popular ignorance, indeed, nourished by the misfortunes and misdeeds of the past two or three hundred years, not only in England, but in a large portion of Europe, has been wont to overlook the high intellectual claims of this remarkable epoch, and has imputed to far later periods the origination of the facts and principles of modern civilisation. The temporary abuses, the passing struggles between the old and the new ideas, the hindrances which accidental errors or misfortunes opposed to the visible operation of the laws which yet worked in secret,—all these things have combined to make us forget what we owe to a period so far from our own days, and have taught us to view the great social facts of that time, and of its immediately succeeding ages, as characteristic of a state of society essentially distinct from that in which we live.

In England more especially this mistaken view is but too common. People speak of the days of the Edwards and Henrys as of an era so far removed from all modern ideas in religion, in politics, in art, and in intelligence, that to seek in their experience a solution of the sad perplexities which now agitate us, would be the mere vision of a dreamer, the unpractical boyish fancy of one who was yet in thrall to the stories of romance, and unacquainted with the realities of his own time. The popular notion of the thirteenth and three following centuries is much the same as that which is entertained of the five or six centuries which preceded them. The imagination is peopled with images of mail-clad barons, and half-naked serfs, and feudal castles, and intellectual darkness, and political tyranny and intrigue; and the idea of a free, intelligent, happy, and refined people, is dismissed from the thoughts of the so-called practical philosopher or statesman, as little better than a childish superstition. The civilisation of to-day is supposed to be a thing so distinct in kind, so opposed in fundamental principles to that which existed some four or five hundred years ago, that the wisest course a man of sense can take is to dismiss the whole matter from his mind, except as a subject for curious historical investigation.

Some excuse, indeed, is to be found for these erroneous notions in the language which is held by the admirers of older days with respect to the condition and recognised principles of our own time. The same false contrast is drawn between to-day and the ages we are speaking of, whether with the view of disparaging the present or the past. Persons insist upon creating a direct opposition where there is really a close connexion. A man, whose studies or whose tastes lead him to value, admire, and envy the characteristic features and substantial happiness of our forefathers, thinks himself bound, by the very force of this admiration and appreciation, to run a tilt against the institutions, the habits, and the opinions of his contemporaries. He cannot admire the old without



a sneer at railways. He cannot defend one of the schoolmen without attacking the newspaper press. He cannot read of the wisdom of an ancient lawgiver without mockery of the House of Commons. He assumes, as a fundamental axiom, that the nineteenth century is not only different in the *forms* of its civilisation from the thirteenth and fourteenth, but diametrically opposed to it in its elementary principles. His only notion of correcting the miseries and abuses of his own time, is by sweeping away every thing that the popular feeling now exalts, or which popular cant now praises with an absurd exaggeration.

Little, therefore, can we wonder that any attempt on the part of such superficial thinkers to arouse a genuine feeling of respect and regard for our ancient glories, should be treated with contempt and pity, or scouted with indignation, by those whose whole heart and soul are engaged in making the best of the present circumstances of the world, and in developing modern ideas in that way which may produce the greatest amount of human happiness. What wonder that such men are accounted dreamers, students of musty folios, romantic schemers, or else secret enemies of the religion, the freedom, and the cultivation of mankind? What wonder that the man of practical sense, of calm feelings, of old prepossessions, should retain his indisposition to look back upon a period which he has been wont to account a day of semi-barbarism, from which it is his great happiness that he has been providentially delivered? What wonder that even when most disposed to honour the institutions and ideas of the past, he should still believe them utterly inapplicable to the necessities of the present time, and as furnishing no guidance to the philosopher or philanthropist who labours for the happiness of the generation among whom his lot is cast?

Turning, however, to the epoch itself, which both by the admirers and the traducers of modern ideas is so often accounted to be fundamentally opposed to our own time in all its views and phases, we find that it was as truly the period of the commencement of our actual civilisation as the first hour after sunrise is an integral portion of the day-time. We have but to cast our eyes rapidly over the broad domain of human cultivation, and the names of a series of individuals and events will recur to the memory, which have exercised a most powerful and a still-enduring influence upon every succeeding generation. In poetry and philosophy, in the arts and in the sciences, in politics, in commerce, in the knowledge of the various kingdoms of the world, the great leaders of the advancing movement came into life and into operation during the brief period of the thirteenth century.

In poetry, the name of Dante shines with a lustre that has never been dimmed. None like him came before him; at once he appeared before the gaze of Europe in the full stature and perfect beauty of a genius to which every subsequent age has done homage; and he has retained an ever-enduring fame, which is fitly typified by the laurel-crown encircling that brow of mingled meditation and fiery energy, whose form is perhaps more familiar to the eye than that of any poet who ever existed.

In painting appears the friend of Dante, the great Giotto, who, in an age when the conventionalisms and the effete notions of Byzantine art were but just beginning to yield before the efforts of a Cimabue, a Duccio, and a Gaddi, anticipated some measure of the triumphs of Raphael, and displayed a dramatic power which has rarely been surpassed by the most accomplished of later artists.

In sculpture, during the thirteenth century, Niccolò di Pisa led the way towards the subsequent achievements of Michael Angelo, Gian Bologna, and Cellini; and taught the world that marble might be made to breathe the purest sentiments of Christian faith, hope, love, and sanctity, as well as to express the mere animal symmetry, the intellectual energy, and the burning passions, whose embodiment had been the great work of the chisel of ancient Greece and Rome. He first, at Bologna, Pisa, and Siena, laid the foundation of that school of religious sculpture, afterwards carried on and cultivated by his son Giovanni Pisano, by Balducci, by Agostino

and Angelo da Siena, and a succession of other great artists, until the cold marble almost breathed, and its solid masses seemed ready to speak, under the unrivalled hand of him who was at once the painter, the architect, and the sculptor.

But if in painting and in sculpture this great epoch led the way to future excellence, what shall we not say of the consummate perfection of its architecture? Here it displayed the hidden capabilities of the building art in a degree of beauty which has never been surpassed, and which was only equalled by the slightly modified forms of structure and decoration which are the boast of the century which immediately succeeded it. The annals of art furnish but one parallel example of the sudden rapidity with which the genius of the mind of man, when working in a right direction, and animated by a pure inspiration, can proceed from the works of infancy and childhood to the faultless achievements of a noble and intelligent maturity. In music alone,—that one branch of intellectual accomplishment in which the thirteenth century furnishes no great name and accomplished no triumphs,—it was reserved for the abilities of one man to reconstruct the materials of his art; and in the midst of a scene of ruin and desolation to raise an edifice of grandeur and beauty, not only far surpassing aught that his predecessors had conceived, but so perfect and finished in its every element, and in all the details of its execution, that posterity could scarcely hope to rival, much less to excel, this monument of genius and science.

In the rapidity with which the principles of Gothic architecture were comprehended, acted upon, and developed in their utmost perfection, we see a token of the extraordinary degree of success which may be reached by a single generation when their sentiments are noble, their hearts warm, and their ideas clear and well-grounded. The noblest works of Greek and Roman architecture can bear no comparison with the piles of the thirteenth century in the highest attributes of art. The Parthenon and the Pantheon are but the adaptation of the ideas of a building of wood to the necessities and the powers of stone and marble. Noble, majestic, and pure as are those glories of antique skill and taste, the principles on which they are constructed sink into mere contrivances and happy expedients when put into the scale with those plastic and living ideas of form and decoration which produced the cathedrals of Amiens and Cologne, of York and Salisbury. In expression, in sentiment, in utility, in a capacity for universal application to every purpose of civilised life, the architecture of this great epoch is without a rival in the systems of classical and Egyptian antiquity. In a few years, the great fundamental principle once comprehended, the architects of the thirteenth century covered the face of Western Europe with a multitude of buildings, from the castle to the cottage, from the cathedral to the village-church, which it is now the boast of posterity to appreciate and understand, without a hope of rivalling or excelling them.

[To be concluded in our next.]

### Reviews.

*King René's Daughter; a Danish Lyric Drama.* By Henrik Herz. Rendered into English Verse, with an Historical Sketch of the Fortunes of Good King René. By the Hon. Edmund Phipps. London, Bentley.

THOSE who love a sweet and tender dramatic episode, will welcome Mr. Phipps' translation of Henrik Herz's lyric with not a little pleasure. The poem is one of the most popular of modern Danish dramas, and though it is, perhaps, not of the cast to please an English audience when acted, accustomed as they are to all the bustle and point of French vaudevilles, yet the readers of plays will find a charm in these refined and graceful scenes, such as we derive from the works of few living English dramatists.

The story is as singular and original as the execution is happy; and there runs through the whole a vein of living poetic truth, which lifts one into the ideal world, without a grain of imposition upon one's common sense, or exaggeration of the possibilities of actual



life. King René's daughter, Iolanthe, is betrothed as an infant to Tristan de Vaudemont, but an accident deprives her of sight in her infancy. In dread lest this should break off the betrothal, her father hides her from the world in a kind of happy valley in the "sweet South," hoping for a cure of her misfortune before the time comes for Tristan (from whom her bereavement is concealed) to claim his bride. A strange device, however, is adopted towards the poor child. She is kept in total ignorance of the very existence of the faculty of sight in others, and thus, knowing not of her own blindness, passes her life without a desire for seeing that world which she hears and feels. When she reaches the age of sixteen, a Moorish physician undertakes to cure her, and at the very time that he is about to look for success from his remedies, Tristan refuses to fulfil his compulsory engagement; but wandering near the house of Iolanthe, sees her asleep, is fascinated by her charms, converses with her, discovers her marvellous state of existence, tells her of her deprivation, and not knowing who she is, gives his whole heart to her with true lover's affection. When he is gone, not to mention little details, the cure is effected, and all ends as may be expected. The meeting between the unconscious betrothed ones naturally reminds us of the *Tempest*, but it is a mere suggestion, for Herz's conception is only Shakspearian in originality and beauty. The charm of the drama lies in the delicacy, purity, and loftiness of the dialogue, and the calm, gentle strength with which the workings of Iolanthe's mysterious emotions are portrayed, and not in any thing like the dramatic life of the situations and incidents of the tale. Mr. Phipps tells us honestly that he has not translated the play from the original Danish, but from German versions. Such being the case, the more credit is due to him for the easy flow of his versification, and the unaffected tone of nature which he has preserved throughout. A few extracts from the scenes will, we think, confirm our readers in our opinion of the success with which the Danish poet has wrought out his singular conception. Iolanthe's female friend and guardian thus touchingly describes her childlike acquiescence in the mysteriousness of her lot:

"'Tis with her as with children. Talk to them  
Of God's almighty power, of another  
And future life, and see but how they listen,  
As with inquiring eye they speak astonishment,  
And how at length they seem to rest in peace  
On that which certainly they comprehend not.  
So is the world itself one mighty riddle  
To Iolanthe, which she still must guess at.  
Should but the abbess or her father say,  
'Nay, be content, my child, thou art too young—  
All shall some other day be clear to thee,—  
She rests in pious faith, and never dreameth  
That 'tis her sight, alas! that faileth her  
To comprehend the world's perfection."

Tristan's discovery of Iolanthe's blindness is one of the most beautifully-told passages in the story. She thinks she cannot give him a little jewel that hangs about her neck, which he fain would have. He then begs a rose, plucked by her hand.

"Tristan. As a compensation,  
Give me, I pray, but one of these red roses,  
Which, as your fitting image, spread their petals  
Amid these blooming flowers.

Iolanthe. What! a rose?  
With pleasure. [Plucks and gives him a white rose.  
Tri. Ah! but 'tis a white you pluck!  
Give me a red one, beauteous as yourself!

Iol. How dost thou mean a red one?  
Tri. One of these.  
[Points with the hand.

Iol. Take it thyself then!  
Tri. Rather let me have  
What your fair hand has gather'd as your choice,  
The white rose. Even in its lowest cup,  
There slumbers a pale dreamy red that seems  
Like to the dreamy beauty of this garden.  
Give me one other yet! also a white one,  
So will I then with both my bonnet deck,  
And think I wear your colours.

[She plucks and gives him a rose, but a red one.

Iol. Here is a rose, then; was it this you meant?

Tri. I asked a white one of you!

Iol. Well, and this?

Tri. This! this! (aside) What dire foreboding thought!  
(aloud) Say quick,

How many roses hold I in my hand?

[Holds up the roses together with others which he himself has hastily gathered.

Iol. (stretching out her hand for them, without directing her eyes towards them). Give me them, then!

Tri. Nay, without touching them!

Iol. How can I that?

Tri. (aside). Ah, God! then she is blind,  
(Aloud, but in subdued tones, full of emotion.)

I think, though it were possible—

Iol. Nay, nay,

If one desire to know a thing, its form,

Or number, one must touch it, that is clear.

Tri. (doubtfully). Yes, yes, in truth you may be right, and  
Sometimes, you know— [yet

Iol. Sometimes! Speak on, speak on!

Tri. I mean that—that—there are such things

As one by colour only can distinguish,

As many sorts of flowers, many textures.

Iol. You mean the disposition and the form—  
Is it not so?

Tri. Nay, 'tis not merely that.

Iol. Is it so hard, then, to distinguish flowers?

Are not the roses round, and soft, and delicate,

Round to the feel e'en as the zephyr's breath,

And soft and warm like to a summer evening?

Is the carnation like the rose? Ah, no!

Its perfume stuns one like the wine which late

I gave thee. Then the cactus; know'st thou not

Its points are like the wind, in sharpest frost?

Tri. 'Tis strange! Have you, then, never yet been told

That to distinguish objects from afar

Is possible by help of—of the sight?

Iol. How? from afar? Oh yes, the little bird

That sits on yonder roof, I can distinguish

By its light twittering, and all mortal men

Each by his speech; so do I also know

The bounding steed, on which I daily ride,

Far as he may be, by his step and neighing;

But by the help of what you call the sight,

Of that I have heard nothing. Is there, then,

Something, with which one seeks it out, some instrument

Of artificial composition, or

Some simple tool? I know not of this Sight—

Canst thou, perhaps, tell me its use or profit?"

There is a very striking beauty also in her answer to his questionings as to the use of eyes, unconscious as she is of the blessed faculty of sight.

"Tristan. Tell me this: have you not well remark'd

There is no portion of your corporal frame

That is without its use and proper office?

The hand and finger grasp each varied object;

Your little foot, small as it is, can bear you

Where'er you will with ease. The spoken word,

Or tone of music, fills your inmost soul,

Traversing first the portals of the ear.

A stream of eloquence flows from the lips;

And the light breath's fair mansion is the breast,

Rising and sinking with its peaceful fall.

Iolanthe. All this I have well noted—but proceed.

Tri. Tell me, then, for what use do you imagine

Heaven hath vouchsafed you eyes? What profit

Have you derived from the twin pair of stars,

Which with such brightness shine, they seem to court

The rays of light to penetrate within them?

Iol. (moves her eyes, and remains thinking a moment).

You ask me what the use,—how strange the question,

And yet—I never have considered that.

And yet—my eyes—nay, it were sure most easy

To tell you that; when at the evening's close

Fatigue hath seized me, sleep doth press them down,

Sealing them up in sweet oblivion,

And spreads, through them, its peaceful influence

O'er my whole frame, as is communicated

The touch by contact with the finger's point.

There, then, at once, thou hast one great advantage

My eyes afford me; further, hast thou not

Observed, too, other uses they can serve?

As I a little rose-tree late had planted,

An insect stung my finger; at the pain,

Gush'd forth my tears, and soothed it. Then, again,

When I myself had wearied much to think

Wherefore my father so delay'd to come;

When he *did* come, oh, how I wept for joy!

Through tears, then, when my heart is all too full,

Either with joy or grief, is it relieved

As by a gracious overflow; and yet

Thou canst inquire for what use or benefit

The Power almighty gives me eyes! By them,

When I am weary, rest is given. In grief,

My grief is 'minish'd; and in joy, my joy

Ennobled and refined."

So again,—when she meets her father after Tristan's departure, and the poor sorrowing king seeks tenderly to unfold to her the terrible reality of her state, and tells her that without sight she cannot know the works

of God in all their glory,—she says in reverent wondering:

*Iolanthe.* Full, my dear father, are thy words of import,  
To me incomprehensible. The universe!  
As from the Great Creator's hand 'twas made,  
This, this to me unknown? Shut out from me?  
Yet still how can'st thou say so? Have I not,  
In the creation, known my Great Creator?  
Hath not the stormy wind, the balmy breeze,  
Hath not the warmth its milder breathing shed,  
The earth's fertility, and its strange power  
To bring each fruit and flower to perfection;  
Have not the rocks and mines, the rushing streams,  
And the sweet chorus of the birds, proclaimed  
The Great Creator in his works on earth?  
And have I not from thee, and all the dear ones  
Around me, learnt to meditate on what  
His gracious views for this our world may be?  
Myself am an expression of his will!  
In fine, where'er I turn, on every side,  
In nature, in the speech of other mortals,  
In my own being, in the meditations  
Which, of unlimited extent, press on me,  
The same loud voice is sounded in my ear,  
All speaks to me of God, and of his world!

*King (aside to Ebn Jahia).* Oh, Ebn Jahia, this so beautiful  
We have unsettled. [teous faith]

*Iol. (continues).* Yet explain to me  
This world; I must, by seeing, comprehend it.  
The stranger, who was here but even now,  
Whose words into my heart sank deep, of Sight  
He also spake to me. What is this Sight?  
Can I his voice, which with half pain, half pleasure,  
Struck on my soul—this voice too can I see?  
Or say, my father, can I see the warbling  
Of the sweet nightingale, whose trilling notes  
I oft, yet still in vain, have tried to follow,  
From bush to bush, in fancy? Is his song  
A flow'ret whose sweet perfume I know,  
But not its shape, its stalk, nor yet its petals?"

We have been tempted to quote almost too much already, but we must give a fragment from the scene where Iolanthe, now seeing, is terrified at the new world of which she suddenly finds herself a denizen.

*Iolanthe.* Oh, whither dost thou lead me?  
Oh, God, where am I? Hold me fast—support me!

*Ebn Jahia.* Compose thyself, my child.

*Iol.* Nay, hold me! wait—  
Stand still a moment. Here I ne'er have been!  
What do we in this place? So strange! Who's there?  
Hold me! My head is swimming—I am full  
Of terror!

*Ebn Ja.* Calm thyself, Iolanthe. Fix thy glance  
Upon that earth alone which hath so long  
Been still unknown thy friendly stay, and which  
E'en now doth meet thy untaught glance so truly.  
That which thou seest, it is but the garden  
Which thou thyself hast planted.

*Iol.* This my garden?

I know it not; and see what fearful plants!  
They bend! they bend! as they would fall on us.

*Ebn Ja.* Fear nothing. These are but the palms, whose  
And fruits thou knowest long full well. [leaves]

*Iol.* Nay, nay,  
I know them not; this brightness, too, which dazzles  
On every side, and all the swelling clouds  
That spread above so high—alas, how high!  
What is it? Is it God? Is it his Spirit?  
Which, as they say, doth fill the universe."

*Eastern Life, Present and Past.* By Harriet Martineau.  
London, Moxon.

COULD we divest ourselves of the painful feelings which we have experienced in the perusal of these volumes, we should be more free perhaps to do justice to the merit they certainly possess, of presenting us with a lively description of two of the most remarkable countries in the world. The writer has the talent of giving impressions with singular force and freshness, and evinces admirable tact in selecting such details for her narrative as are calculated to interest and attract the general reader, however conversant he may be with the numerous books of Eastern travel which have lately issued from the press. As a composition, the work is of a high order; it is written with no common command of language, and displays considerable imagination; the style too is easy and graceful; and indeed, we have no doubt we should have found it both charming and cheerful reading, had it been possible to be charmed or to feel cheerful during an intercourse, three volumes long, with a mind which we cannot but characterise as

practically atheistical. To those who have read Miss Martineau's former writings, and noted the ulterior tendencies of her opinions, and who know how easy and how certain is the transition in a reasoning, active mind, from Socinianism, and every other form of negative Christianity, downward to the lowest phases of Deism and infidelity, the result embodied in this production will be no matter of surprise, though they may not be prepared for so speedy and complete a *dénouement*, or for so unreserved an avowal as is here made. Accustomed as we are to the prevailing tone of the popular literature of the day, knowing too Miss Martineau's especially sceptical disposition, we own we have been astounded at the unblushing, and almost boastful and triumphant, manner in which she gives expression to her unbelief. False principles, irreligious sentiments—everything that is symptomatic of the absence of faith—we expected, but we did not expect so confident an avowal of positive infidelity.

The work is in fact one continued assault on revelation; it proceeds on the assumption that the Scriptures of the Old and New Testaments are neither inspired nor authentic, and that the God of Moses and Elijah, of Jews and Christians, is a nonentity, a lie, or at best but a mythical and distorted representation of the "Supreme," to whom alone the initiated, or, to use Miss Martineau's designation, the "learned," condescend to render the homage of their intellect. Nay, though continually alluding to the subject of religion, the writer does not make, in her own person, one single recognition of the personal existence of God, while the arguments frequently put forward logically conduct to the denial of it. Avowedly deistical, implicitly atheistical, we cannot give our readers a better idea of the book than by describing it as a popular exhibition of the principal doctrines of German rationalism, accommodated to ordinary English readers, and recommended by not a few bold and unfounded assertions, and a large amount of loose and shallow reasoning. It has seldom been our lot to meet with a more offensively pretentious production, or one that was so evidently the production of that ignorant self-conceit, which is at once the sin and the penalty of the unbelieving mind. Such is the confidence of the writer in her own misty scepticism, that she ignores not only the possibility of the truth of revelation, but even the fact of a contrary belief being entertained at the present day, except by the illiterate and the weak-minded.

To such a degree is this infatuation carried, and so extravagantly ridiculous is the air of authority which is assumed throughout, that we were tempted at times to throw the book aside, as too absurd to deserve a further perusal, and as too impudent a violation of facts and common sense to mystify anybody's understanding, or raise any other feeling than that of indignation at so barefaced an attempt at imposition, or of pity for the mind that could thus delude itself. And yet so *tranchant* is the writer's manner, so imposing the language she employs, so apparently philosophical the tone and character of her observations, that we can imagine the ignorant and unwary being taken in by them, and carrying away an indefinite impression of the uncertainty of revelation, and the futility of that knowledge of God which, in common with the whole world, ancient and modern, Pagan and Christian, they had hitherto supposed themselves to possess. Schoolboys of a romantic turn; elderly gentlemen who are fond of reading, and seldom say their prayers; young men who take a pleasure in frightening their mothers with their free thinking and freer living; learned ladies of little education and less religion; and in fine, the whole herd of literary idlers whose studies are confined to the post octavos of the circulating library—these are the class of readers to whom, we think, this book will have a peculiar fascination; it bears the appearance of learning and depth, and possesses sufficient brilliancy of style and diction to dazzle the imagination, at the same time that it presents, or affects to present, to the mind, some great abstract idea, as yet only dimly perceptible, even to superior intelligences. With these exceptions, we do not apprehend that this effort of Miss Martineau's genius will have any influence for evil; sensible people will see through it; the religiously dis-



posed, and indeed all in whom the principle of faith is not already extinct, will be shocked and disgusted; while no one of independent thought or common information will tolerate the arrogance and presumption—we had almost said the cool impertinence—with which the writer puts forward her self-invented theories as the only possible solution of the religious history of mankind, and endeavours to pass off her own preconceptions and fanciful readings, as the true and undoubted interpretation of the records of antiquity, whether sacred or profane.

We are not writing an answer to this strange effusion; that would require a theological treatise, for there is scarcely a point of religious doctrine on which it does not touch; we are simply noticing it for the purpose of exposing its true character. That our readers may see that we have not overstated the amount of folly and impiety contained in its pages, we will particularise some of the more prominent opinions of the author. It is divided between Egypt and the Holy Land, and is as naturally divisible into an attack upon the Old and New Testaments, or Judaism and Christianity. In the present article we shall confine our remarks to the former half.

And first we are informed that the consolidation of the Egyptian empire under Menes cannot be placed "nearer to us than 5500 years ago;" and that such was the state of advanced civilisation, even at this period, that the shortest "series of centuries" assignable for its attainment must carry back the life of this single people to "the current date of the creation of man." Question there is none: the thing is settled once and for ever with a stroke of the author's pen: Miss Martineau has decreed that the Mosaic chronology is false, and no longer to be received. We may perhaps return to this subject, in a future article; at present we will only observe, that Miss Martineau has a very easy and summary method of dealing with inconvenient dates. Thus, in reference to the term assigned in the Mosaic history for the residence of the Hebrews in Egypt (430 years), she says it must have been longer, or their numbers *could not* have amounted to one-third of that specified; that is, they could not at the usual rate of increase, and Miss Martineau is too knowing to admit any thing which is unusual and extraordinary. The off-hand manner in which the whole subject is disposed of would be most amusing, were it not pitiable to observe the eagerness with which the writer lays hold of every thing which, she thinks, can throw a doubt upon the credibility of the Scripture accounts and the objective reality of the truths of revelation. The data on which she founds her conclusions are very scanty; her way is rather to take them for granted, as what no well-informed person of the present day would think of disputing. Whenever she does give her facts, they are as inconclusive as her reasonings. Thus, she attaches a most convincing importance to a story of Herodotus, who relates that the priests of Amun shewed him the statues of the High Priests, their predecessors, in direct lineal succession, and 345 in number. But why is a story of Herodotus, grounded on the assertion of these priests, so much more credible than the account given by the "writer of the book of Genesis," to whom Miss Martineau gives a place in her list of ancient historians of Egypt? Taking them merely as historians, why is her bias so strongly in favour of the Pagan's superior accuracy? The reason is painfully obvious.

It is the more preposterous for this lady to pronounce with so much confidence on the results to which she supposes recent researches have conducted, when she is continually declaring how little has yet been deciphered of the Egyptian inscriptions, and actually allows that all beyond names and titles must be "in a high degree conjectural till the stock of terms is largely increased." But Miss Martineau is a ready believer in any theory, however novel and untried, which seems to weaken the authority of the Mosaic narrative; and though most exacting and intolerant of difficulties where revelation is concerned, yet towards profane historians, who may chance to differ in their chronological statements, she evinces the most indulgent spirit, amiably expressing a conviction that their several accounts are capable of being reconciled, and that no-

thing is needed on our part but patient investigation, and a better understanding of their meaning.

This inconsistency and unfairness is one of the most crying faults of the book, united as it is with an obtrusive affectation of impartiality. There appears, at first sight, a species of candour and liberality in the readiness with which the writer not only allows but maintains that the ancient pagan superstitions had a substratum of truth, and that the upholders of these systems were not in league to deceive mankind. But, under all this candour and apparent reverence for faith, wherever it has existed, and this willingness to believe that it has existed everywhere, in spite of the load of corruption and idolatry under which it was buried, there is an insidious vein of argument ever carried on, and often breaking out into open attack upon the Christian religion. The object seems to be to raise our respect for the ancient beliefs of the pagan world, but the real aim is all along to depreciate Christianity, raising the one and dragging down the other, till they are made to assume, in the eyes of the ignorant and unreflecting reader, the same aspect and the same value.

A distinction also is industriously drawn between truths and the facts in which they are embodied, a distinction perfectly futile when those facts and those truths are identical. This distinction, however, being assumed, there is a very pompous reverence expressed for truths and ideas in this disembodied shape. Indeed, the worship of ideas seems to constitute Miss Martineau's melancholy form of religion, and she can tolerate the exhibition of what she calls the universal and true faith under any shape,\* however strange and monstrous, including the deification of cats and crocodiles, and "the barbarous South-Sea island practice of human sacrifice and cannibalism." And so it happens that, suddenly seized with the conviction that the old Egyptians had a faith, "a faith to which they might refer the loftiest ideas of a high order of intellect, and in which they might repose the affections of their common human heart;" and awestruck in the presence of its wondrous forms, so solemn, so majestic even in their ruin, telling still of the unutterable and the infinite; ignorant, too, of the sublime realities which are the object of the Christian's belief, disputing the first elements of revealed religion, and accounting the most sacred mysteries as vain and superstitious fables; she is ready to fall down and worship the grand conceptions presented to her imagination in the gigantic creations of Egyptian art, and concludes that Christianity is but the "constellation of ideas," which, one and the same at all times and to all peoples, "become more noble and more glorious to men's minds, as their minds become strengthened by the nourishment and exercise of ages."

The whole argument of the book is directed to the conclusion that there is no literal truth in the objects of faith (p. 302), and that the Christian religion being, like the Jewish out of which it rose, only the embodiment of the more ancient beliefs of Egypt, is not, as mankind have been taught to regard it, the absolute truth of God, but one of the many forms in which eternal ideas have been manifested, and destined, like its predecessors, to pass away and be forgotten. Whence these ideas originally came, whence the old Egyptians derived their religion and their faith, the author never attempts to explain. All that she imagines is, that, by insisting on the impenetrable antiquity of the Egyptian worship, she proportionably disparages the later systems of Jewish and Christian belief, and disproves their divine authority and origin. That there is any other reading of the phenomena to which she appeals, or that any one had considered them, or was so much as aware of them, previous to their recent discovery by herself and similarly wise and learned persons, she seems either not to know or to wish to ignore; certainly the impression she gives is, that believers in revelation have been taken by surprise and fairly baffled. To prove that ancient Egypt had a religious faith, a system of objective worship, and a sacerdotal hierarchy, and that in numerous instances there is a minute correspondence between all this and the ceremonial law of Moses, is in

\* Always excepting Catholicism.



her mind to destroy the pretensions of the latter, to disprove his divine legation, and make him out but a clever plagiarist on Egyptian models. Whereas what is the fact? That so far from this correspondence being unknown and unaccounted for, so far from its constituting a theological *crux*, or being in any way a difficulty, it is one of the established evidences in favour, not only of the fundamental articles of the Christian religion, but of the great sacramental and hierarchical system which subsists in the Christian Church. Once acknowledge what Miss Martineau unhappily denies, a primitive revelation, and the key is supplied which explains the whole religious history of Paganism. This is not the place to enter upon the subject, and indeed it would be superfluous; every instructed Christian knows that the revelation made to Moses was not the first communication vouchsafed by God to man, nor his polity the first theological and sacerdotal dispensation. The Holy Scriptures not only imply but expressly declare the contrary. God made a covenant with Noah, afterwards with Abraham, to say nothing of the times before the flood; we read of Melchisedec, a priest of the Most High God, four generations before the ordination of Aaron; Job again was anterior to Abraham, and Balaam was external to the Jewish ritual; the father-in-law of Joseph was an Egyptian priest, and that of Moses a priest of Midian; and many incidental notices in the historical and prophetic books of the Old Testament, shew not only that the Pagan nations had an established priesthood, but that this priesthood had a really sacerdotal character.

The simple fact, then, is, that the ancient Egyptians professed all and far more than Miss Martineau attributes to them. They had an objective faith, originally divine; and an hereditary and regularly constituted priesthood; "they knew God, but as they liked not to retain God in their knowledge, God delivered them up to a reprobate sense; professing themselves wise, they became fools, and they changed the glory of the incorruptible God into the likeness of the image of a corruptible man, and of birds, and of four-footed beasts, and of creeping things;"—they corrupted and lost their original revelation, and embraced in its stead a degrading and impure superstition. The reader who possesses this simple piece of knowledge will not only be proof against Miss Martineau's infidel insinuations, but will find in her very statements and reasonings a strong corroboration, if such were needed, of the facts of revelation, and be able even to sympathise with the eloquent and enthusiastic language in which she descants on the religious systems of antiquity. Miss Martineau, by her own confession, had started on her Eastern travels with notions as childish and superficial on the faith and worship of ancient Egypt as she still entertains on what concerns her infinitely more, the faith and worship of Christians; and in the pride and self-assumption of ignorance, instead of being led to suspect the more her own incompetency and want of knowledge, she deludes herself with the notion that she has discovered and fathomed the primitive sources of all religious ideas; and discards, in consequence, the little semblance of belief in the higher claims of Christianity which she had hitherto professed. The effect which has been produced upon her mind by a close contemplation of the wonderful monuments of Egypt has been, not to make her recognise in Christianity the development and full perfection of the revelation originally given to mankind, but to degrade it to what she considers all religions and philosophies to be—a *résumé* of the ideas of the human mind.

Such is Miss Martineau's religious *faith*, as gathered from the first half of the work before us; ere we conclude this article we must just glance at her religious *hopes*. We find them set forth in a remarkable passage (vol. i. p. 300), where she is accounting for "the engrossing attention that infantine nations gave to death and the state of the dead." We do not choose to make our columns a vehicle for blasphemy, even though it be with the view of exposing or refuting it—and it is for this reason that we have hitherto refrained from quotation; but our readers will, perhaps, be startled to learn that "no enlightened and disciplined

man looks forward to any literal Day of Judgment;" that "the enlightened and disciplined man continually thinks less of the future, as the inestimable present of life and duty opens before his contemplation and his industry;" that "in proportion as he becomes truly wise," and increases his knowledge of the external world and "the unseen region of ideas," instead of referring his activity and desires to a future which he cannot penetrate, he "finds in the present enough to occupy all his faculties," and satisfies his aspirations and desires by "employing them on the unfathomable and inexhaustible universe in which he is placed." Such, according to Miss Martineau, is the end of man! The future he cannot penetrate, it is in vain for him to try; his knowledge is confined to this earth's space, and so, therefore, must be his hopes and aspirations. A Future, indeed, he has, and a substantial reward in prospect; and what, reader, think you that it is? The delight of gazing on the disinterred cities and monuments of the ancient world! It matters not that this or that individual, that whole generations, that Miss Martineau herself, will have long been mouldering in the tomb,—how cheering, how inspiring, is the thought—how worthy of the powers and destinies of man—that in centuries yet to come the human race shall behold whole "armies of sphinxes" starting up before its eyes, and walk amid "ranges of pylons, miles of colonnades, temples intact," and look in upon "gods and goddesses, safe in their sanctuaries!" But "we are not worthy yet of this great unveiling; it is better that the world should wait."

We are not disposed to take our author's enthusiastic language too literally in this particular; but it is sufficiently evident from the general drift of her book, that what she would have us substitute for the Christian's hope of personal reward and personal sanctification, the knowledge of God and the glory of heaven, is the prospect of the indefinite advancement of mankind towards intellectual perfection by means of a more intense devotion to present things and scientific and material improvement. This worshipper of ideas, however she may profess to believe in a future life, practically has no other hereafter than this world seems to promise.

We have occupied ourselves so exclusively with the *principles* of the book, that we have left but little room for some of the very striking descriptions which it contains. The following passages must serve, as illustrating the effect produced upon the author's imagination by the solemn beauty of the two colossal statues at Thebes:

"I meet every where at home people who think, as I did before I went, that between books, plates, and the stiff and peculiar character of Egyptian architecture and sculpture, Egyptian art may be almost as well known and conceived of in England as on the spot. I can only testify, without hope of being believed, that it is not so; that instead of ugliness, I found beauty; instead of the grotesque, I found the solemn: and where I looked for rudeness, from the primitive character of Art, I found the sense of the soul more effectually reached than by works which are the result of centuries of experience and experiment. The mystery of this fact sets one thinking, laboriously; I may say, painfully. Egypt is not the country to go to for the recreation of travel. It is too suggestive and too confounding to be met but in the spirit of study. One's powers of observation sink under the perpetual exercise of thought: and the lightest-hearted voyager, who sets forth from Cairo eager for new scenes and days of frolic, comes back an antique, a citizen of the world of six thousand years ago, kindred with the mummy. Nothing but large knowledge and sound habits of thought can save him from returning perplexed and borne down; unless, indeed, it be ignorance and levity."

"And next appeared,—and my heart stood still at the sight,—the Pair. There they sat, together yet apart, in the midst of the plain, serene and vigilant,—still keeping their untired watch over the lapse of ages and the eclipse of Egypt. There they sat, keeping watch,—hands on knees, gazing straight forward, seeming, though so much of the faces is gone, to be looking over to the monumental piles on the other side of the river, which became gorgeous temples after these throne seats were placed here;—the most immovable thrones that have ever been established on this earth. I can never believe that any thing else so majestic as this Pair has been conceived of by the imagination of Art. Nothing even in nature certainly ever affected me so unspeakably; no thunder storm in my childhood,



nor any aspect of Niagara, or the great Lakes of America, or the Alps, or the Desert, in my later years. I saw them afterwards daily, and many times a day, during our stay at Thebes: and the wonder and awe grew from visit to visit. Yet no impression exceeded the first; and none was like it.

Her account of her first experience of the Desert leaves a very vivid impression on the mind:

"I believed before that I had imagined the Desert: but now I felt that nobody could. No one could conceive the confusion of piled and scattered rocks, which, even in a ride of three miles, deprives a stranger of all sense of direction, except by the heavens. These narrow passes among black rocks, all suffocation and glare, without shade or relief, are the very home of despair. The oppression of the sense of sight disturbs the brain, so that the will of the unhappy wanderer cannot keep his nerves in order. I thought of poor Hagar here, and seemed to feel her story for the first time. I thought of Scotch shepherds lost in the snow, and of their mild case in comparison with that of Arab goat-herds lost in the Desert. The difference is of death by lethargy and death by torture. . . .

"Distant figures are striking in the Desert, in the extreme clearness of light and shade. Shadows strike upon the sense here as bright lights do elsewhere. It seems to me that I remember every figure I ever saw in the Desert;—every veiled woman tending her goats, or carrying her water-jar on her head;—every man in blue skirting the hillocks; every man in brown guiding his ass or his camel through the sandy defiles of the black rocks, or on a slope by moonlight, when he casts a long shadow. Every moving thing has a new value to the eye in such a region."

#### WALPOLE'S LETTERS TO THE COUNTESS OF OSSORY.

[Second notice.]

Nobody can read these gossiping, rambling letters of the noble and fantastic owner of Strawberry, without unconsciously comparing his lively records of the affairs of his day, with the various matters, great and small, which engross our interest in our own times. Just now too, while France trembles in the throes of a revolution, and one cannot tell whether she may not pass through half-a-dozen more such in the course of as many months, it is curious and amusing to trace the views and fancies of an acute observer, like Walpole, when the great portent of the first French Revolution took the minds of all Europe by storm. How much must we alter in the following passage, to make it fit the affairs now going on in the National Assembly?

"I am much obliged, too, for your French anecdotes, madam, which I had not heard. All their proceedings appear to me shocking or absurd to a degree. I do not guess on what grounds Mr. Wyndham foretells their success. I had been told that he thought their debates ridiculous, but a prophet has more strings to his bow than one who only forms his opinion by a small share of common sense. Not that I pretend to any sagacity, which must often be at a fault, for it calculates only by probabilities and experience, and cannot take into its account folly and chance, the two principal arbiters of human affairs; but what does Mr. Wyndham mean by success? Is the whole kingdom of France to remain always in such blessed liberty, that every individual is to murder, plunder, and trample on every law? Or out of this lawless and savage scene is order, justice, and temper to arise? Nay, when some constitution is voted, will it take place? and if it does, how long will be its duration? Will a new assembly of *Etats*, elected every two years, corroborate the ordinances of their predecessors? Will they not think themselves as wise, and prove as foolish? What an absurdity is it not to strip the King of all his power, and yet maintain that it is necessary by the laws that he should assent to every act of violence they pass against him! And compelled, will he think himself bound by that forced assent? Is it not, if possible, still more outrageous, and before they have settled any thing at home, to be debating whether they shall allow the King of Spain any future claim to the crown? In short, they have launched into an ocean of questions that would take a century to discuss, and suppose that a mob of prating legislators, under the rod of the mob of Paris, and questionable by every tumultuous congregation in the provinces, are an all-powerful senate, and may give laws to other kingdoms as well as their own; though I do not find that *ces messieurs* can command 20,000 men, and must already have provoked, as they have injured, a very considerable part of their own countrymen. In the midst of this anarchy, is it not supremely ridiculous to hear of a young gentlewoman presenting her watch to the national fund, and a lifeguardsman five-and-twenty livres? Nay, there are some tradesmen's wives appointed commissioners for receiving such patriotic oblations! In a word, madam, it is a vertigo of pedantry, and I am sur-

prised they have not yet begun to make songs and epigrams on themselves! But so much do I differ from Mr. Wyndham, that I think they have lost a glorious moment for obtaining a considerable amendment of their constitution, and perhaps a lasting one, by their intemperance; and that they have either entailed endless civil wars on perhaps a division of their country, or will sink under worse despotism than what they have shaken off. To turn a whole nation loose from all restraint, and tell them that every man has a right to be his own king, is not a very sage way for preparing them to receive a new code which must curtail that boundless prerogative of free will, and probably was not the first lesson given on the original institution of government. The present host of lawgivers must, I doubt, cut the throats of half their pupils, before they persuade the other half to go to school again to any regular system."

And how far would the parallel extend, if we thought to apply this extract from another letter of a somewhat later date?

"To Mr. Burke's appeal, I answer, it is well and carefully written; but I think he had better not have wanted it, by accepting Mr. Fox's tender and handsome apology. For my own part, I had rather be entertained by any body's imprudence than their discretion. If a man will be discreet, why write at all? How much more delightful are Mr. Burke's wit, similes, metaphors, and allusions, and eccentricities, than his references to what he said in *anno Domini* one thousand seven hundred, &c. I am most pleased with his slashing the French, and Paine, and the Presbyterians, as Lord Melcombe called the Presbyterians. By the way, I am mighty glad to be mighty sorry for Dr. Priestly, as I am sure he is very sorry that he has no opportunity of being very glad for having occasioned fifty thousand times the mischief that has fallen on his own head; yet he might have saved his house, had he clapped Mr. Merry's ode on it; that is cold enough to have quenched a volcano, and dull enough to be admired by the French Academy. Yes, madam, yes, by this time twelvemonth, the immortal 14th of July may be buried with Voltaire, at St. Genevieve, and the National Assembly too. I am sick of their puerility and pedantry; and yet I think they cannot be such egregious fools as they seem. Their most ridiculous debates must proceed from a kind of *finesse* to keep the people intoxicated with new visions, and to avoid settling any thing that by finishing might put an end to their own eighteen livres a-day."

But we must turn from nations to individuals; and as we are on the subject of revolutionists, may as well, as any good old extinct Tory would say, come direct to the private counterpart of the public democratic hero, and give our readers a specimen or two of the footpad and highwayman of Walpole's days. Now-a-days, revolutions are the commoner things of the two, at least in this country. One hears a vast deal more of provisional governments, and constitutions, and kings conciliating, deceiving, and fighting their subjects, and then suddenly running away, than of the pettier exploits of the road, when Turpins and Sheppards frightened every traveller, and no man could travel at night without a loaded blunderbuss, and a brace of pistols. Hounslow and Wimbledon are almost as much changed as Paris itself, since the days of the Grand Monarque, or even of Marie Antoinette. These letters of Walpole again and again tell some tale of robbery on the road, even at the very doors of Strawberry itself. Here is one of them, in which we find a prudent old lady actually keeping a purse of bad money about her, to cheat the highwayman with, whenever she was stopped and plundered! This is really one of the best notions we ever heard of, and worthy our cute cousins of the other side of the Atlantic. We fancy New England itself never did a sharper thing.

"The night I had the honour of writing to your ladyship last, I was robbed; and, as if I were a sovereign or a nation, have had a discussion ever since whether it was not a *neighbour* who robbed me; and should it come to the ears of the newspapers, it might produce as ingenious a controversy amongst our anonymous wits as any of the noble topics I have been mentioning. *Voici le fait*. Lady Browne and I were, as usual, going to the Duchess of Montrose at seven o'clock. The evening was very dark. In the close lane, under her park pale, and within twenty yards of the gate, a black figure on horseback pushed by between the chaise and the hedge on my side. I suspected it was a highwayman, and so I found did Lady Browne, for she was speaking, and stopped. To divert her fears, I was just going to say, is not that the apothecary going to the duchess? when I heard a voice cry, 'Stop!' and the figure came back to the chaise. I had the presence of mind, before I let down the glass, to take out my watch, and stuff it within my waistcoat under my arm. He

said, 'Your purses and watches!' I replied, 'I have no watch.' 'Then your purse!' I gave it to him; it had nine guineas. It was so dark that I could not see his hand, but felt him take it. He then asked for Lady Browne's purse, and said, 'Don't be frightened; I will not hurt you.' I said, 'No, you won't frighten the lady?' He replied, 'No, I give you my word, I will do you no hurt.' Lady Browne gave him her purse, and was going to add her watch, but he said, 'I am much obliged to you; I wish you good night!' pulled off his hat, and rode away. 'Well,' said I, 'Lady Browne, you will not be afraid of being robbed another time, for you see there is nothing in it.' 'Oh, but I am,' said she; 'and now I am in terrors lest he should return, for I have given him a purse with only bad money that I carry on purpose.' 'He certainly will not open it directly,' said I, 'and at worst he can only wait for us at our return; but I will send my servant back for a horse and a blunderbuss,' which I did. The next distress was not to terrify the duchess, who is so paralytic and nervous. I therefore made Lady Browne go into the parlour, and desired one of the duchess's servants to get her a glass of water, while I went into the drawing-room to break it to the duchess. 'Well,' said I, laughing to her and the rest of the company, 'you won't get much from us to-night.' 'Why,' said one of them, 'have you been robbed?' 'Yes, a little,' said I. The duchess trembled; but it went off. Her groom of the chambers said not a word, but slipped out, and Lady Margaret and Miss Howe having servants there on horseback, he gave them pistols and despatched them different ways. This was exceedingly clever, for he knew the duchess would not have suffered it, as lately he had detected a man who had robbed her garden, and she would not allow him to take up the fellow."

A postscript to another epistle stands as follows:

"P.S. Pray tell me where your new library is placed. The parson of Teddington and his wife were robbed, at half an hour after nine last night, by three footpads, with pistols, at my back gate. My housekeeper heard the bustle from her room that is over the Holbein chamber. I was in the library, but knew nothing of the matter till to-day. It is agreeable to have banditti at one's doors!"

But if footpads are rapidly becoming numbered among things that were, not so is it with the subject of our next extract. It is amusing to see the peculiarly virtuous indignation with which our letter-writer attacks the newspapers of his day. Probably a paragraph had lately run the round of the Posts and Heralds of the hour, ridiculing the nonsense of the amateur-Gothic of Walpole's dear retreat, and criticising his oratories, battlements, and oriels, after the rules of the applauded Vitruvianism of the architects of the eighteenth century. At any rate, we may safely say, that, with one or two exceptions, there is not a newspaper *now* to which the picture would apply.

"I was angry, I am angry; but the gods know, not with you, madam, nor with anybody else in particular. I am aggrieved by nobody. Mine is an honest and an unselfish indignation. I am hurt to see all prospects annihilated that would have made one care about what is to survive one. Nothing will be left of England but the vestiges of its grandeur; and what shocks one already is, that the Vandalism that over-spreads ruined empires has anteceded our last moments. Bad taste, spite, calumny, pert dulness, and blundering affectation of humour, have taken place of every thing agreeable. I would not quote such records as the newspapers, if they were not the oracles of the times, and what everybody reads and cites. Besides Macpherson's daily column of lies, is there a paragraph that is not scandalous or malevolent even in those that are set apart as a tithe for truth? Half of each is replete with error and ignorance. If a family has a misfortune of any kind, it is cast in every mould in ill-nature's shop, and the public is *diverted* in every way in which it can be misconstrued. I need instance but in the late melancholy adventure of Lord Camden's daughter. Is not a country more savage than Hottentots, where all private distresses are served up the next morning for the breakfast and entertainment of the public? When you have waded through the scandal of the day, the next repast is a long dissertation on two contending pantomimes, while a mixture of losses of ships, and armies, and islands, is a glaring mark of the insensible stupidity of the age, which is less occupied by national disgrace and calamity, than by slander that used to be confined to old maids, and follies only fit for children. A week's newspapers preserved to the end of the next century will explain why we are fallen so low. They would supply Voltaire with a chapter on *les mœurs du temps*. I think I have justified myself and my contempt for the times I live in, madam, and why I am not ambitious of having it remembered that I belonged to them."

From the newspapers we turn to the fashionable follies they chronicled:

"As folks (writes Walpole on one occasion) in the country love to hear of *London fashions*, know, madam, that the reigning one amongst the *quality* is to go after the opera to the lottery offices, where their ladyships bet with the keepers. You choose any number you please; if it does not come up next day, you pay five guineas; if it does, receive forty, in proportion to the age of the *tirage*. The Duchess of Devonshire in one day won nine hundred pounds. General Smith, as the luckiest of all mites, is of the most select parties, and chooses the *numeros*."

To take another example of the same species: the *Morning Post* of to-day is in good truth not a little unlike the *Morning Post* of Walpole's time. Here is as goodly a specimen of the advertising devices of our great grandfathers as one would wish to see. What are monster-cart advertisements, omnibus placards, or any of the particularly dull and commonplace puffings which now invest the streets and books of London and all England, in comparison with the precious proceedings here recorded?

"Yesterday, just after I arrived, I heard drums and trumpets in Piccadilly: I looked out of the window, and saw a procession with streamers flying. At first I thought it a press-gang; but seeing the corps so well drest, like Huzzars, in yellow, with blue waistcoats and breeches, and high caps, I concluded it was some new body of our allies, or a regiment newly raised, and with new regimentals for distinction. I was not totally mistaken, for the Colonel is a *new ally*. In short, this was a procession set forth by Mr. Bates, Lord Littleton's chaplain, and author of the old *Morning Post*, and meant as an appeal to the town against his antagonist, the new one. I did not perceive it, but the musicians had masks; on their caps was written *The Morning Post*, and they distributed handbills. I am sure there were at least between thirty and forty, and this mummery must have cost a great deal of money. Are not we quite distracted, reprobate, absurd beyond all people that ever lived? The new *Morning Post*, I am told, for I never take in either, exceeds all the outrageous Billingsgate that ever was heard of. What a country! Does it signify what happens to it? Is there any sense, integrity, decency, taste, left? Are not we the most despicable nation upon earth, in every light? A solemn and expensive masquerade exhibited by a clergyman, in defence of daily scandal against women of the first rank, in the midst of a civil war! and while the labouring poor are torn from their families by press-gangs! and a foreign war is hanging over our heads! And everybody was diverted with this!"

And from the professed follies, by the easiest of transitions, to our author's notions on religion and other topics. Here is as pretty a jumble of opinions as one would wish to see from a professed philosophical observer of mankind and its creeds. The compliment to the Church at the end must be truly grateful to the clergy.

"Cæsar is said to have already realised three millions sterling by the suppression of monachism; and by that wealth he will purchase a deluge of blood. Such reformers make one regret Popery. Indeed, Mother Reformation herself was too dearly purchased. Had I been Luther, and been really conscientious, which I doubt whether he was, and could have foreseen by what torrents of gore the Church was to be purified, I should have asked myself whether, for the benefit of any number of future millions of souls, I had a right to occasion the slaughter of a present million of lives; I should have hesitated on my mission, and I believe not have taken out my patent. I have been told, that when this Austrian bird of prey set about his reform, the nobility of Flanders presented a memorial to him, observing, that most of the monastic had not been royal foundations, and therefore they hoped, from his imperial equity, that he would restore to the respective families the lands which their ancestors had given away from their posterity to the Church. Cæsar made no reply, for he could make none that had common sense; but he did not seize an acre or a ducat the less. Don't imagine that I am changing sides, madam, because I have some *high church* qualms. It is laudable to suppress convents, but it ought to be done by forbidding any more persons to be professed. It is inhuman to turn those adrift who either entered conscientiously, or are too old to seek a new livelihood by new professions. Besides, when those dear friends the Crown and Church fall out, I adhere to the latter. Priests get their wealth and power by sense and address; monarchs by force and bloodshed: I am for sharpers against cut-throats."

This sentiment about Luther occurs, indeed, two or three times, in almost the very same words, in various letters, of different dates; and seems to have been one



of the pet productions of Walpole's philosophy. The "Cæsar" he alludes to was the Emperor Joseph.

There are a good many lively and entertaining sayings and bon-mots scattered up and down throughout the correspondence, though, as we have already hinted, their narrator has an unfortunate trick of praising the jests before he records them. Few stories, indeed, will endure such an introductory process of recommendation. We shall cull a few of the best to-day, and return once more to the volumes for a few of the anecdotes of literary men, and of Walpole's criticisms upon the works of his cotemporaries, which we can only regret to be somewhat sparingly introduced in his gossip with his fair correspondent. The first is a very fair specimen of a retort to a tiresome royal interrogator.

"After Sir Paul Methuen had quitted court, the late queen, who thought she had that foolish talent of playing off people, frequently saw him when she dined abroad, during the king's absences at Hanover. Once that she dined with my mother at Chelsea, Sir Paul was there as usual. People that play off others, generally harp on the same string. The queen's constant topic for teasing Sir Paul was his passion for romances, and he was weary of it, and not in good humour with her. 'Well, Sir Paul, what romance are you reading now?' 'None, madam. I have gone through them all.' 'Well! what are you reading, then?' 'I am got into a very foolish study, madam; the history of the Kings and Queens of England.' Perhaps Lord Shelburne thinks romances as wise a study."

Among the curiosities of ignorance, what more piquant than the following?

"A few evenings ago, I was invited by the old Lady Fitzwilliam, at Richmond, to see some pictures and Japan that were her father's, Sir Matthew Decker. I asked her if she had ever happened to hear a ridiculous story that I had been told in my youth, and which I concluded had only been a joke. It was, that Sir John Germaine, Lady Betty's husband, had been so exceedingly ignorant, that he believed his countryman, Sir Matthew (they were both Dutch), was author of 'St. Matthew's Gospel.' She replied directly, 'It is so true, that Sir John had thence conceived such a reverence for my father's piety, that he left him 200*l.* to be distributed amongst poor Dutch!' Now, madam, what story is improbable after this? Nor is it possible to add any thing after it."

In another letter, *à propos* of ladies' quickness of repartee, Walpole records this retort:

"I can give you an instance, madam, that I heard last night. After the late execution of the *eighteen* malefactors, a female was hawking an account of them, but called them *nineteen*. A gentleman said to her, 'Why do you say *nineteen*? there were but *eighteen* hanged.' She replied, 'Sir, I did not know *you* had been reprieved.'"

But if the palm of ingenious wit was to be assigned to a class of individuals, even Walpole must have given it to the clergy, if only the next story (with which we must conclude) were to decide the trial.

"I have since been reading in the *Esprit des Journaux* an account of a late Bishop of Amiens, who was a saint, and yet had a great deal of wit. A lady went to consult him whether she might wear *rouge*; she had been with several *directeurs*, but some were so severe, and some so relaxed, that she could not satisfy her conscience, and therefore was come to Monseigneur to decide for her, and would rest by his sentence. 'I see, madam,' said the good prelate, 'what the case is; some of your casuists forbid *rouge* totally; others will permit you to wear as much as you please: now for my part, I love a medium in all things, and therefore permit you to wear *rouge* on one cheek only.'"

#### BYRNE'S BRITISH COLONIES.

[Second notice.]

THERE is one well-known legal annoyance in New South Wales, described by Mr. Byrne, called the "Bush-ranging Act," by which the person of any free settler is liable to be arrested unless he can prove that he is *bona fide* a free man, the continuance of which seems a disgrace to the Government. Even magistrates, and persons of the highest respectability, are liable to be seized, hand-cuffed, and conveyed two or three hundred miles like felons to be "identified," without any redress for a groundless detention. Mr. Byrne gives an account of a very spirited escape which he himself made from a party who had arrested him merely to afford an excuse for visiting a station to which they could not otherwise

have gone. The iniquity and extreme hardship of the operation of this act is most severely commented upon.

Gross mismanagement in the disposal of the Crown lands, the natural indolence of "squatters," or settlers in new regions, who make little or no use of many natural advantages which their situation affords, and the great distance of the markets, are causes which tend to depress colonial interests. Want of water also is greatly felt in the interior of Australia, which renders the herbage scanty, and the cultivation of the better European grasses a complete failure. Of the squatters themselves on the Crown lands, about 30,000 in number, Mr. Byrne gives a melancholy account. Without religion, and addicted to the most abominable vices, they live in a state little better than savages. In truth, on the face of the earth there is no country so universally and horribly criminal as New South Wales. Of this fact the writer adduces many fearful proofs in pp. 228-238.

In a land where cattle are worth some thirty shillings, and sheep five shillings a head, and where "prime legs of mutton are retailed at one halfpenny per pound," it is not to be wondered at that flocks and herds in Australia are generally *boiled down* for the fat or tallow, which in England is worth 42*l.* per ton. But for the terrible droughts which occasionally occur, there would be no limit to the multiplication of cattle.

"An Australian drought is fearful. The always scanty supply of water is then wholly dried up; valleys and plains are divested of the sign of verdure; sheep and cattle die by hundreds of hunger and thirst; and the highways are blocked up with the putrifying carcasses of working bullocks that have fallen dead in the attempt to drag their loads along. Stations that have been settled for years, and where there has always been water, are then deserted; while in the water-holes the prized fluid dries up, and leaves nothing but parched mud; the hot air sears the limbs, and a lassitude steals over the body, whilst myriads of cicadas make the very air dizzy with their discordant buzz. Water, that essential necessary of life, is dried up even in the rivers that flow constantly in other years. Sydney, the capital, has only within the last four or five years had a good supply of water; and lately it has had the benefit of having it introduced by pipes into the houses. Previously the water that supplied Sydney was brought from some marshes in the neighbourhood of Botany Bay; but a dam has been constructed of late years across Cook's River, some twelve miles from the capital, and the much-desired element is now conveyed from thence in pipes of a much larger size than the original ones which communicated with the marshes."

Mr. Byrne points out the erroneous ideas which are generally prevalent in England as to the true nature of the punishment of transportation. The prosperity of a few, resulting from good conduct, and consequent liberation, or "assignment" to the settlers as servants, has led to false impressions as to the real severity to which convicts are subjected in Australia. The following account will serve to undeceive the reader:

"The galling of the leg-irons, piercing the flesh and crushing the bone; the agony and fatigue of working under a burning sun, the thermometer standing at 115°, chained and coupled to a fellow-victim, and toiling on under a guard of soldiers, with loaded pieces, until life itself has sunk under suffering; the torture of the lash laid on until the boots of the victim are filled with the blood of his back, and continued until insensibility puts an end to the infliction; the ghastly form, shrivelled and shrunk, until disease and improper diet cause the flesh to peel off in white ulcerated sores: these sad details have not been related nor descanted on, nor has the fact been disseminated of felons murdering their very comrades without cause or provocation, in order that they may be brought to the scaffold, and relieved of an existence so loathsome and detested.

"If idea can conceive, and the wildest fancy imagine, all that is horrible and appalling on earth, such pictures would fall far short of the reality of what a large portion of convicts have to undergo."

Truly, it is time that such facts should be both related and descanted on! It is right that malefactors should be punished in proportion to their crime; it is *not* right that they should live in a hell upon earth under the control and management of a professedly Christian Government. The account which Mr. Byrne gives of the *flogging* process is positively too sickening for our pages.

Mr. Byrne quotes largely from some observations made many years ago on this subject by the Right Rev. Dr. Ullathorne, every word of which he confirms by



personal observation. It is *sad* to think that the remonstrances of the good Bishop, made ten years ago, should remain so long unheeded. Transportation to New South Wales has now indeed ceased; yet there are too many felons left to *work out* their term of suffering in all its unmitigated horror.

"It is indeed a mercy" (says Mr. Byrne) "that transportation to New South Wales has ceased; the frightful vice and crime that have overshadowed that beautiful land since it was settled, by making it a vast gaol, a receptacle for felons, have perverted it into such a hell, such a pandemonium of sin, that one feels regret that it still does not remain occupied by the wild and tameless aborigines, the children of nature."

These "children of nature" are, however, a very bad specimen of the human kind. They are inhospitable, relentless cannibals, degraded by the grossest superstition, and hardly removed from the position of brutes. It is very remarkable that they believe in the ancient Pythagorean doctrine of *metempsychosis*, or transmigration of the soul after death into the bodies of other creatures. They are now very nearly extinct.

The new settlement of Australia Felix presents more advantages, and fewer obstacles to success, than the older and adjacent colony of New South Wales.

"It may truly be said, that there exist in Australia Felix, in almost every direction, thousands of acres of soil of the best quality, ready for the plough, without needing the expense of a shilling in clearing. The quality of the land of Port Philip warrants the hope of seeing a large population settled upon it, capable of supplying themselves in profusion with all the necessities, if not the luxuries of life."

A great portion of Australia Felix is volcanic, and covered with layers of decomposed lava, which is admirably adapted for vineyards, olives, and the growth of grain, all of which have been found to succeed to perfection, the climate being not dissimilar to that of Italy, as the soil also is much like the fertile regions round Mount Vesuvius. Yet, strange to say, this extraordinarily rich lava district, in extent about ten thousand square miles, is at present all but uninhabited.

"Having travelled in all quarters of the globe—bivouacked on the rich plains of Natal in Southern Africa, found a resting-place for a time on the fertile banks of the Mississippi, and toiled over the hills and gulleys of New Zealand; the writer can pronounce with confidence, that not even the richest soil of the most fruitful lands can surpass the splendid district of Australia Felix referred to, in their capabilities of produce. Even the most fertile parts of Devonshire or Kent are not able to support a larger population per square mile than this lava district. Many times, in riding over its rich dark-red soil, the author has deplored its present want of population, knowing that myriads in Great Britain are all but perishing of hunger, or, with straitened means and small capital, are endeavouring to keep up an appearance, when many amongst them might be here settled on moderate sized farms, and a much greater number as labourers, with plenty and contentment around them."

With land but half-cultivated, wheat yields fifty bushels per acre; so that with scientific English farming, the produce would be almost unlimited. When it is added, that coal, lead, copper, and tin mines of boundless wealth and extent exist close to the coast, the only wonder is that Great Britain should contain a single pauper who has the means or the enterprise to get out of it. The people of Great Britain, says Mr. Byrne, seem to be unacquainted with the abundant advantages of this favoured clime, or do not possess the means to convey themselves thither in sufficient numbers. The earnest attention of the English Government cannot too strongly be directed to the sensible and sound observations of the author on the past mistakes and present evils which characterise their management of so beautiful and so fertile a country. He strongly advocates the scheme of emigration on a *vast* scale, and we trust that the advice of so competent an authority will attract the attention which it undoubtedly deserves.

In this country also, the sad, and we must add wicked, process of exterminating the poor aborigines has been carried on with but too great success. The Government has humanely interfered to centralise and instruct the little remnant, but in vain. It seems a law of nature, that the tawny savage should everywhere retreat before the prowess and civilisation of the white man,

and cede his territory to those who alone know how to make use of it. "It is indeed sad," observes the author, "to witness a people thus passing from creation, leaving no trace behind them of language, history, or even of their traditions."

Speaking of the mischievous effects of the local newspapers, in fomenting party spirit, and thereby engendering mutual hatred and jealousies, Mr. Byrne well observes:

"In a limited community, the evils of a scurrilous press are particularly felt; it especially tends to lower the moral tone of society; and it is to be hoped that with the influx of population, the spirit and nature of the press of Australia Felix will in this respect be amended."

Would that this great scandal were confined to the colonies! The author states that all the evils of home associations and counter-plottings are being introduced into the new country, from precisely the same causes which promote them in the old.

Little less desirable, in respect of soil and climate, is Van Dieman's land, or Tasmania, as it is now generally called. This country has the additional advantage of being well watered, both by rain and natural springs, and is extremely fertile. It is an island, in size very nearly equal to Ireland, and with a temperature averaging that of Spain, that is from 43° to 49° in winter, and from 66° to 76° in summer. The aboriginal inhabitants have become actually extinct from the country. They were a ferocious, untameable race, brave and revengeful, and their fall was inevitable. They were shot down by the whites as so many wild animals, and not one of them is now known to remain in the island.

Singular as it may appear, the vast resources of Van Dieman's Land in coal, minerals, timber of the finest kinds, as well as the whale-fishery in its bays and on its shores, are at present almost neglected by us. This apparent apathy Mr. Byrne attributes partly to the indifference of the local capitalists, partly to the policy of the home Government, which has indirectly discouraged enterprise in such projects. Of the lucrative fisheries, the Americans have almost the monopoly, solely because they have a sharper eye to their own interests.

"In whatever light the whaling trade of these colonies is viewed, it only becomes more apparent that it should be fostered, promoted, and protected, by every means in the power of the British Government."

The author discusses at some length the very important question, how far a penal settlement, and the consequent admixture of vice and contamination among the free settlers, can be considered consistent with the prosperity of a new colony. It is remarkable that a humane and plausible scheme for ameliorating the condition of convicts, called the "probation system," should have resulted in an utter failure. The object of the system was, to afford the prospect of indulgence on continued good conduct, and the means of moral, industrial, and religious instruction. But the contagion of the bad with the virtuous, caused by the necessity of procuring servants of all kinds and both sexes, from those who are allowed, by tickets of leave, to mix with the free, has produced the most frightful consequences in an almost universal contamination.

"Never, in the worst days of the assignment system, was the extent of vice and crime half so great in Van Dieman's Land as at present; but to open an account of its details, would be to present humanity in such a shape as would far surpass all comprehension of what is understood by the word *crime* in Great Britain."

The incompetent home management, through the Colonial Office, is thus characterised by the author:

"Our colonial policy and penal discipline, as at present conducted, are nothing else but a series of experiments, projected by statesmen whose personal knowledge of our colonies is, and must be, extremely limited. If on their accession to office, they apply themselves with the greatest attention and diligence to their duties, in order to become well acquainted with them, and the condition of the countries they govern, yet they can scarcely be expected to acquire even a general and cursory acquaintance with regions which "sweep the globe, and touch every shore," as the colonies of Great Britain do, before they are transferred to some other high office in the State, or are obliged to relinquish power. If any real knowledge of our colonies exist at the Colonial Office, it is amongst



the subordinates, who only obtain it through the mass of official reports and despatches which pass through their hands from the various Governors, not by seeing with their own eyes, and hearing with their own ears. On the second-hand information supplied by these persons, Colonial Ministers must in a great measure depend, and irresponsible officers are in reality the magnates who sway the destinies of thousands, nay millions of human beings: of colonies in comparison with which Great Britain, as to her extent, is a mere petty patch of soil—and which, in distant ages hence, will arise great nations, powerful people, off-shoots of the Anglo-Saxon race."

To remedy this serious evil, Mr. Byrne suggests the formation of a Colonial Council, not dismissible at the will of the Minister, and formed of persons who have a personal knowledge of some one or more colonies. For any minister, however great his talents and however unwearied his application, to understand colonial affairs in all their complex and varied relations, is a thing simply impossible. The creation of such a Board appears to be a wise and provident suggestion, and we hope it will not be thrown out in vain.

Mr. Byrne gives an outline of a scheme of his own for the treatment and reformation of convicts, which is not less deserving of serious consideration. "Penal settlements," he says, "should at once and for ever be abolished; they are a disgrace to any Christian country, and the source of unparalleled crime. Those best acquainted with them agree in the fact, that a man subjected to a term of punishment at them is totally unfit to return to society." In her criminal discipline Great Britain is behind all Europe. *In her care of souls* she is in every sense the very last among the nations of the earth! At least, in no land professing Christianity is there so vast a mass of actually heathen population as in her great and powerful territory.

As we cannot enter upon the author's account of South Australia and its vast mineral wealth, nor follow him in his exciting narrative of an expedition through the wilds of that vast country, we shall close our notice with one more extract on the penal question.

"The criminals of this great country have been hitherto almost completely left to be experimented on by succeeding Secretaries of State. This is not as it should be; human nature is liable to err, and few there are who, at some period of their lives, have not been guilty of offences of more or less magnitude; therefore mankind should be lenient and careful of those outcasts of society whom the laws have condemned. It is to be hoped that by the present Premier, whose attention has been devoted to the subject, a large and comprehensive scheme may be laid before Parliament, and that the disgrace of neglecting her criminals will no longer rest upon Great Britain. If penal discipline were amended, there is little doubt that a large saving would arise to the country in consequence of the decreased expense of the administration of justice, owing to the reformation of such as had once been subjected to the discipline of the Houses of Correction; whereas at present, time after time are the same persons convicted, but no amendment ensues, and they are a continued expense to the country. It is a pity that with its many advantages so fine an island as Van Dieman's Land should become, month by month, owing to Great Britain's penal policy, more completely the land of the felon,—the free population departing as they can from the country."

### Poetry.

#### ROMA.

Quo ruis, infelix, rebus devota caducis,  
Sublimem sortem cui dedit Omnipotens?  
Quorsum libertatis honorem tantopere ambis,  
Cujus servire est, dulceque ferre jugum?  
Tu gaudes bellis iterum ac popularibus auris  
Quæ facta es mundo pacis origo sacræ?  
Mittis in exilium insignes pietate fideque,  
Quam per totum orbem cuncta fovere decet,  
Ejectisque tuis, quos amplecteris amicos  
Haud alios curans, hostis at ipsa tibi?  
Jam perit omne tuum, seu sacrum sive profanum;  
Hinc nusquam es bello sed neque pace potens.  
Hactenus augustum regnasti tu caput orbis,  
Quæ pars exiguae nunc eris Italiæ.  
Desine, capta dolis, jam desine Roma vocari;  
Quid magni abjectam nominis umbra juvat?  
Casti omnes sanctique ingrata cedite ab urbe,  
Spreto num Domino vult magis esse sibi;  
Æternum posuit nomen, vanosque triumphos  
Diras per cædes querit in exitium.

T. R.

## The Fine Arts.

### THE THREE STAGES IN THE LIFE OF ART.

[Concluded from p. 63.]

II. COMPARE now the succession of these three stages in the revival of painting which commenced with the thirteenth century. After ages of barbarism, the soul once more sought to make her feelings and ideas known through the medium of the arts. In architecture, in sculpture, and in painting, there appeared almost contemporaneously a series of men of ardent genius, profound thought, and practical skill, who infused a new life into the dead forms of ancient art, which yet lingered in fragments and in distortions in the more cultivated portion of Western Europe. As in the first period in the life of art, their ideas and their aim were lofty, genuine, and pure; for without such a *reality* in their conceptions of the province of art, neither they, nor any other generation, could ever have escaped from the primeval ignorance of uncultivated society. But though their intention was right, and their powers wonderful, they had yet to contend with the obstacles presented by this ignorance in which their fathers had been enchained.

Generations must pass away, as in the civilisation of classic Greece, ere the Christian painter of Italy could attain that amount of technical knowledge, manual dexterity, and correctness of eye, without which the highest dramatic efforts of the pencil must, in a measure, repel, rather than elevate the mind. And thus it is that we see, first, Cimabue with hesitating hand, then Giotto with the touch of a master and the fire of a poet, and after him the whole host of painters, Taddeo Gaddi, Buffalmacco, Orcagna, Simone Memmi, Gentile da Fabriano, Beato Angelico, and many others, toiling on in affectionate study of the *form* of their beloved art, till, in the great Masaccio and his contemporaries, painting attained that firm and steady knowledge of its own powers and limits, which speedily enabled a Raphael, a Michael Angelo, and a Leonardo, to produce a multitude of works as powerfully dramatic in their expression as they were correct and characteristic in their form. Not that we are for a moment to suppose that Giotto and his followers worked at the perfecting the more sensuous portion of their labours, with a devotion to that portion in itself; they sought technical excellence as a means, not as an end; as a necessary condition of the attainment of *truth* in art, which, as it embodies that which is invisible in the forms of that which is visible, must needs adapt itself, with a rigid obedience, not servile in spirit, but yet devoted in love, to the laws of that actual universe which is now our habitation. They sought *complete* perfection, both of body and of soul; and thus, while such painters as Francesco Francia and Perugino reached an almost faultless excellence in certain divisions of their art, though in other parts they failed, we are not to imagine that they were unduly biassed either in favour of or against any one degree of technical correctness, but that they aimed at being wholly perfect, loving physical perfection as a necessary instrument for the expression of spiritual truth.

These golden days, however, could not, in the nature of things, last long. The sensual speedily predominated over the spiritual, and that which pleased the eye or met with the cold applause of the judgment, came to be sought for in preference to that which spoke the emotions of the soul. In Titian and Tintoret the principles of the two epochs appear for a moment to be equally balanced; the body and the soul struggle for the mastery, in Titian the former gaining some slight advantage, in Tintoret the spirit appearing still in a degree supreme. But in Correggio the influence of sense was predominant to a degree which, with all his correctness of mere artistic taste, and his unquestionably great powers, has made him in some respects as offensive a painter, in the eye of the poet and of the pure-minded, as the annals of painting can name.

This deterioration in object was, as is ever the case, the prelude to a decay even in those points which the new school most sedulously cultivated. For it is ever



found that when formal perfection in art is sought for its own sake, it disdains to yield itself to the unworthy end, and departs until a more earnest generation reappears to seek it once more in the right spirit of the poet and the true painter. And thus it was that the genius of high art refused to hearken to the entreaties of the dull, cold Eclectics of Bologna, the Carracci, the Guidos, the Domenichinos, who wooed her with all the formal precision of academic suitors. They attained a high measure of critical excellence, at times becoming almost great and touching. They did all that study and thought and good intentions could achieve, when not animated by the true spirit of art. But there is less of meaning and poetry in their most faultless labours, than in the most incorrect anatomical deformities of the masters of the thirteenth and fourteenth centuries. Among their successors, the classic scrupulosity and sedate energy of Poussin, and the exaggerations of Salvator and Caravaggio, were the last tokens of real life and greatness of design in the schools of Italy. The art of painting had run its race, and went the inevitable way of human works.

III. The story of the development of Gothic architecture presents a similar series of stages. Whatever be the one accident which gave birth to the pointed architecture of the thirteenth century, certain it is, that as if by magic, a few years called into life a system of design in building, which is one of the noblest triumphs of the genius of man. The vigorous life of the nations of Europe who in the eleventh and twelfth centuries were struggling into civilisation, the Lombards, the Germans, and the Normans, for a time strove to employ the details, and in a certain degree the rules of classic architecture (so far as they comprehended them), for their own religious and civil purposes. Those solemn and gigantic structures, which in different countries are termed Byzantine, Lombard, or Norman, were the work of a mind imbued with a deep sense of the value of art in the expression of its ideas, and of the necessity of a bold attempt at the realisation of certain principles of art rather than at the servile reproduction of the exact features of another epoch. Hence it is that no man can enter the vast Lombard or Norman cathedrals, whatever be his individual taste or feeling on architectural subjects, without being impressed with a sense of their deep solemnity, and of their right to the title of genuine works of religious art, or without a high degree of veneration for the lofty and energetic minds which raised and adorned those stately piles. They seem the home of the generation that fought at Acre and at Jerusalem.

When the pointed arch was introduced into this system of building, the key to the new form of the art was discovered. Then came a period in which, as with Giotto and his followers, the laws and forms of Gothic architecture were not so much invented as developed; at length the architect had discovered a principle of design, which was eminently adapted both to the nature of the material with which he worked, and to the rich and gorgeous, but eminently devotional, spirit which he was called upon to embody. The ingenious expedients by which the architects of Greece and Rome had toiled to remedy the inherent defects of an idea in design, which had originally sprung from an architecture of wood, were now needed no more; the Gothic architect had a system of genuine *stone* construction to work upon, which lent itself with willing and loving readiness to the religious and domestic wants of the Christian religion, and the peculiarities of a northern and variable climate. The thirteenth century thus saw a series of edifices rise up in boundless profusion, in which, from the simplest and most austere of churches, where the short lancet window and the pointed vault alone proclaim the presence of the new-born spirit, to the wondrous temples of Cologne, of Amiens, and of York, the principles of the new architecture are developed, and its form and capabilities ascertained.

A period (alas, too brief!) followed upon this first stage of architectural life, in whose creations the eye of the observant, even in those remains of ancient beauty which the desolations of ages have permitted to survive, discerns the expression of all that the art

can embody. Splendour, simplicity, richness, propriety, variety, unity, devotion, repose, sublimity, activity of thought, all dwell in those exquisite buildings which the early portion of the fourteenth century produced in England and in other countries. The dramatic power of architecture had attained its full period of maturity, and the *soul* shone out in all her powers.

As with painting, however, so was it with architecture. The architect and his employer soon came to love decoration, and gorgeous richness, and skilful construction, for their own sake. That English variety, which we now commonly call the *perpendicular* style of Gothic architecture, was that in which the sensuous triumphed over the spiritual, and the downward course of the art commenced. From the comparatively severe and religious structures of Canterbury, of York, of Winchester, to the overwrought refinement, ponderous decorations, and cloying sweetness of the age of Henry the Seventh, the architecture of England presents all the features of an epoch of decadence and corruption. In Germany, France, and Belgium, the decay is even yet more striking, and the conquest of the material element over the spiritual yet more complete. Such as it was, the Gothic architecture of the 16th century deserved to fall and become extinct.

IV. The progress of the musical art, notwithstanding one peculiar point of difference, has presented the same course of advancement and deterioration. The one feature in which its life of development has been in a degree dissimilar from the arts we have been speaking of, arises from its twofold nature, as vocal and as instrumental. The progressive improvement in the two materials with which the musical composer has wrought, has not been by any means the same in order of time in the two branches of the science. The perfection of vocal execution was attained long before a high degree of mechanical excellence in the construction of instruments allowed the performer and the writer to ascertain their distinctive characters and full powers, and the effects of a complete orchestra in its varieties and combinations. And hence, in tracing the stream of musical art, we soon perceive signs of a double current of thought and expression, indicative not only of the actual progress of the mind which sought utterance for its inward feelings in the strains of melody and harmony, but of a mingled strength and weakness, of a hesitation of purpose and an indistinctness of aim, extending more or less to a very advanced period in musical history. And, for the same reason, we find one species of musical composition attaining the very highest degree of excellence with a surprising degree of rapidity, many generations before the complete development of all the powers of the science, and before its kindred forms had attained their maturity. On the whole, therefore, the operations of the law we are expounding will be most distinctly seen and comprehended by a separate consideration of the youth, maturity, and old age of the two branches of musical composition, the vocal and the instrumental.

Music, alone, of all the great divisions of intellectual cultivation, made little progress towards its modern excellence during the thirteenth century, in other respects so wonderful a period of thought and progress. It was not until three centuries later that its latent powers were brought to light in their native purity, and the true *form* of music was comprehended by its scientific votaries. As the voice of nature, it had spoken only in the popular songs of the multitude and the unskilful, until Palestrina and his contemporaries perceived wherein its hidden strength lay, stripped it of those pedantic barbarisms which effectually prevented its employment as a means of expression for the soul, and taught it to breathe the sentiments of the heart and the intelligence. In the hands of Palestrina, that species of musical composition which is both purely vocal and devotional, attained a height of perfection which has never been surpassed by any succeeding age. His immediate predecessors, Festa and others, had done much towards ascertaining the form of the art, but there needed yet the genius of the incomparable master himself to vivify the body which they had prepared, and convert music into the universal language of mankind.



Still, much remained to be done before the first stage in the life of music could accomplish its work. Palestrina only developed the laws of ecclesiastical and choral composition. The nature of solo singing, of dramatic and all secular music, and of sacred music not especially designed for use in divine worship, had yet to be studied and realised in practice. In this great work Carissimi had perhaps a greater influence than any other composer. He first seized the characteristic features of pure solo melody, in connexion with the rhythm of all modern European languages; and a host of successors, both ecclesiastical and secular, in every variety of compositions, working diligently upon the new-found principle, ascertained every means which it lay in the power of the human voice to employ for the utterance of passion, sentiment, and feeling. With Handel, Haydn, and Mozart, the vocal school of music reached its loftiest limits; in their melodies and harmonies appear not only the faultless forms of the art, but the expression of every conceivable emotion of the soul, poured forth in strains of such exquisite truth, that the skill of the artist seems forgotten in the vividness of the impression which their masterpieces produce.

Soon, then, as in painting and architecture, the perfections of composition came to be sought after for their own sake. In the greatest writers who have succeeded to Mozart, this tendency manifested itself in a preponderating influence of the peculiar character of the master himself, which more or less tinged all his vocal works with a certain hue, to the injury of distinctness of expression and variety of treatment. Even in the vocal works of Beethoven himself, and still more in the writings of Weber, Spöhr, Rossini, and Mendelssohn, this predominance of the man himself, in his own works, is constantly evident. Their treatment of an idea is more subjective than that of Mozart, Haydn, and Handel. In the host of inferior composers, in Zingarelli, Bellini, Donizetti, Meyerbeer, Marschner, and all the popular writers of Germany and Italy, this comparatively noble defect becomes a debasing love of brilliancy, or exaggerated pathos and passion, or of softness and luscious sweetness, or of noise and excitement, for their own sakes; and rather with a view to please singers, and pander to the tastes of superficial hearers, than as a means for representing the emotions to which they are called to give a voice. And thus, in our own day, we seem to have touched the confines of the domain of vocal music. Little originality, little genius, little truth, little expression, remains among us. We are vapid, or noisy, or brilliant, or learned, as the case may be; but the *soul* of music breathes among us with the faintest of whispers.

Nor are we in a much more hopeful state in the department of instrumental composition. The development of its powers was delayed till a period long after the day when vocal music shone in its zenith radiance. The orchestral music of Palestrina's day was not worthy the name, being no more than an imitation of its vocal strains; while its organ-playing was an offensive caricature of the most trivial compositions of secular life. Colonna's Psalms, and other works of the day, present some of the earliest attempts at a distinct and characteristic use of the powers of orchestral accompaniment; but even so late as Pergolesi and Jomelli, there are few signs of that complete comprehension of the *forms* of instrumental music which were in a great measure developed by Haydn and Mozart, but whose innate majesty and wondrous powers were not known until they burst forth in the inspirations of Beethoven. Beethoven was to the orchestra and the piano-forte, what his three great and immediate predecessors were to the voice, and what Sebastian Bach was to the organ.

In Beethoven, the second epoch in instrumental music produced its greatest master. Since his days he has been unapproached, and in the mean time every thing has been tending to the last stage of decay. Mechanical dexterity, exaggerated expression, gaunt and repulsive learning, or weak and paltry prettinesses, have become the characteristics, or the evil geniuses, of the average class of composers; until happily, as in vocal music, so also in instrumental, the mind of the

amateur, for very fatigue, longs for a recurrence to something more pure, more natural, more true.

What may be the destinies of the three branches of art whose course we have thus traced, in the hands of our own generation, it is more easy to speculate upon than to determine. Our most reasonable hope that art may indeed revive amongst us, results from the fact that it has already run its race to the end. Were it but at the commencement of its downward path, there would be little chance of arresting its progress, and recalling the perfections of its undecayed maturity. But zealous, determined, and religious as is this our day, and in a degree conscious of its grievous deficiencies, and complete as has been the course which art has run; there would seem to be good ground for anticipating, not (we fervently trust) a mere revival of aught that is already gone, but a new life of art, a new manifestation of the undying genius of the spiritual mind within. An antiquarian resuscitation of past beauties we can neither look for nor desire: our art must be our own, it must be the genuine work of the men of the nineteenth century, or it will be no real art at all.

#### *System of a New Style of German Gothic Architecture.*

*Invented and represented by F. W. Horn, Architect; His Prussian Majesty's Surveyor-General in the Province of Brandenburg, Knight of the Red Eagle, Fourth Class. (System eines neugermanischen Baustyls, &c.)* Potsdam. London, Williams and Norgate; and F. Thimm.

WHAT have bricks to do with the German "Evangelical Church," so styled by mandate of his Majesty the late King of Prussia? The affinity defies all our powers of theorising to ascertain or conceive. The notion beats Durandus and the Camdenians hollow. It is the most mysterious idea that brain of German transcendentalist ever conjured up. Bricks and the German Evangelical Church! What *can* be the meaning of it?

Mr. Horn, an able and ingenious Prussian architect, in the work above named has informed us, that there is an intimate relationship between bricks, the segmental arch, and this Evangelical Church, and every other Church of the same principles. He says that Gothic architecture is preeminently characteristic of the ideas cherished by the Catholic Church; that Byzantine agrees with the character of the Russian Greek Church; but that Protestantism has hitherto been without its appropriate style of building, which he perceives to consist in the use of bricks, and the development of the tendencies of the segmental arch as the leading feature in architectural design. Where on earth he got the notion we cannot conceive; but it strikes us that the said "Evangelical Church" is very far from being flattered by the idea; for of all the prosy, unimaginative, uninspiring, laboured, mediocre styles of design that we ever beheld, the compositions in this "New German Gothic" which Mr. Horn has published are the most uninviting.

After three ingenious and interesting chapters on the spirit of art, and its architectural forms in past ages, in which Mr. Horn displays his knowledge and his artistic enthusiasm in a very favourable light, he proceeds to expound the laws of the new architecture which he considers necessary as an expression of the ideas and feelings of the new creed. With all our respect for every man who thus seeks to elevate any one of the fine arts to the lofty position which it is entitled to claim, and to seek to escape from the region of an absurd pedantic revivalism, we cannot congratulate Mr. Horn upon the success of his efforts. His new architecture is as arrant a piece of compilation and manufacture as ever proceeded from the brain—or the fingers—of an English designer of churches. He has nothing at all to shew for his choice of what we must still consider one of the least pleasing forms of Gothic construction; nothing to allege, by way of proof, that it is *expressive* of the King of Prussia's great ecclesiastical achievement, or of the spirit of Protestantism throughout the world. The whole thing is a mere fancy, a crotchet, an amateur recreation, much like one of the "constitutions" which the Abbé Sieyès used to keep in the pigeon-holes of his writing-desk. He rushes

*in medias res* without warning and without explanation, and assumes that if he can shew that segmental-arch buildings are not ugly, therefore they are the fitting embodiment of the principles of Protestantism. But we will let him speak for himself.

"In the north of Germany, particularly in the Prussian provinces, Pomerania, Prussia, Brandenburg, and the old march, the Gothic edifices are built with bricks. The characteristic features of this architecture are strictly kept, although the material produced a certain modification in its ornamental forms. But as every pointed arch requires a keystone of a certain mass and different pattern, according to its dimensions and parts, it was necessary either to overcome this difficulty by moulding the brick into the requisite form and mass, or to make a false binding with common bricks. Therefore we see that in these works, if the arch is of no particular importance to the architectural shape, it is formed into a segment, a form which unites solidity and simplicity, and perfectly corresponds to the material, as it requires neither moulding nor cutting. In this segmental arch, whose practicableness is sufficiently shewn by its daily use in all buildings of the present time, we see the germ of a new German architecture, a germ produced by the former German architecture in the abundance of its forms."

Our author then goes on to explain how he would use this arch in vaulting, and other kindred matters, and then proceeds to say, that in his opinion it is by no means so tame and spiritless as the judgment of the world has pronounced it, but that it is a fitting emblem of "the aspiring mind, which downward tendencies stop, which earthly impulse may touch, but not cause to decline from its direction to heaven, to which it breaks upwards through the bounds of our earthly horizon." Not being ourselves members of the King of Prussia's ecclesiastical manufacture, and being utterly unable to conceive what may be its indwelling spirit, we cannot, of course, pretend to say whether our author gives us a fair account of the sentiment of the creed, or rather no-creed, which his Prussian Majesty forced upon his reluctant Lutheran subjects through the instrumentality of his dragoons. All that appears to us is, that Mr. Horn's device is duller than the dullest of English perpendicular monotonousnesses. He is clearly a man of taste and skill; but he has here done for Gothic architecture very much what Sir John Soane did for Roman. We protest that there is more poetry in Smirke's London Post-Office and the new British Museum than in the elaborately devised compositions with which Mr. Horn illustrates the influence of the segmental arch as the germ of a new German architecture. If he, and others of his fellow-countrymen, are content to consider a dull, cold, flat formalism to be the essential character of the "German Evangelical Church," well and good; he has succeeded *à merveille* in devising for it a local habitation and visible embodiment. But knowing what can be done with bricks by the genius of an old Italian architect, and what true grace, elegance, and life is displayed in some of their Gothic works in this unpromising material, we cannot but think that the capabilities of brick are libelled rather than developed by this new form of architectural composition. There is all that endless repetition of parts, that interminable panelling, that redundancy of petty ornament, that squareness and heaviness of shape, which bores one to death in the perpendicular edifices of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries, without any of the light and shade, the occasional massiveness or grace of proportion, and the elaborate richness of effect, which are the redeeming points of the works of our English forefathers. The drill-sergeant seems as if he had superintended the designing of the buildings in the same spirit in which he is wont to instruct the Prussian infantry in all their proverbially perfect manœuvring.

In much that Mr. Horn has written in the earlier parts of his short treatise, we entirely agree; and we rejoice to see any one take up the subject in so intelligent a spirit, and with a disregard of the storehouse of technical phraseology with which a certain school, both at home and abroad, upholds the perfection of the old architecture, according to their interpretation of its beauties. But before he, or any other architect, can express the spirit of any creed, be it religious, political, or social, he must first comprehend what that spirit is. Otherwise he will simply be guilty of the unfortunate

bathos which Mr. Horn here threatens to perpetrate; and reversing the work of Augustus, will find an architecture in marble and leave it in brick.

#### THE ARTIST'S MARRIED LIFE.

[Second notice.]

AFTER a while, a little Agnes appeared in the home of Albert Dürer, around whom all the affections of the father's heart prepared at once to wind themselves with clinging delight. He trusted that the birth of the child would open the heart of the mother; and that, in their common care for their offspring, a mutual confidence would spring up between them, and atone for all the discomforts that were past. Let us see how the first breath of maternal love penetrated gently into the wayward heart, yet was too soon chilled by the strangeness of an ill-governed and self-seeking mind.

"A little Agnes, who now appeared, gave to Albert's wife the radiance, yea the glory of the mother. Thus the Deity continued to bless her! Agnes was the sacred instrument in his hands, and the most mysterious, the most divine powers of old nature were thus granted to her as it were in fief. Albert being now filled with reverence, rapture, satisfaction, and thankfulness, all was well, better than ever, and his love was now nobly founded, and hers justified, if not more. For Agnes also felt in her heart as if newly born, and secretly bound by her husband's unwearied care. He watched over mother and child. No breath of air should blow upon them; and when both the dear ones slumbered, then he hastened away to draw and to paint; and, to his own amazement, he quickly and beautifully completed a picture of the Nativity, and one of the Adoration, with the three Holy Kings. The picture seemed as if speaking. And then he blessed the path he had chosen! His own life opened up to him an unknown portion both of the world and of his art, and he felt that he was now the man to produce quite different and truer works. Nature in her divinity had never yet presented herself before him so closely and so sacredly! And he felt fresher than in the blooming month of May after a mild fertilising tempest."

Albert brought the pictures to Agnes, and the poor foolish thing began to think at once, not of the love that had called them into existence as a tribute of affection for herself, but as goods saleable in the market, or made to order. The father's soul was saddened again, and the golden hour fled unheeded by.

"The sight of them rejoiced her; but she looked at the child, and said, 'These are still nothing but pictures after all! Who has bespoken them? and what wilt thou receive for them?' 'They are already paid—through you and my own joy,' said he, somewhat mortified. It is true, they were only pictures—and because he himself now possessed more than pictures, he saw also that the mother possessed more, and that she had spoken quite naturally and justly. So he willingly learned this also,—that a living work of God is of more value than all the works of men, and that these only exist and can exist because those are. For it is folly to think that man has produced anything of himself. The Great Master in heaven gives the conception for the fair work, the power of accomplishing it, joy to men in beholding it, as well as the living work from his own hand—the highest and godliest of all. Therefore Albert prized the little creature as a rich blessing from his heavenly Father. Be ye hospitable, said he to himself, for thereby some have entertained angels. And by these words he was transported back in thought to the day when he stood in the church, and the maiden Agnes stood beside him; and now in fancy he put the little Agnes into her arms, and the bride stood—as a mother! All that had afterwards taken place seemed to him then as a thing of the past; and the softness with which his heart overflowed was reflected backwards, and warmed the long days in which in strange lands he had languished in vain for such happiness—also those in which he had been so cool to the mother of his little daughter. From this time forth he determined always to look upon her as the mother, even if the child—He did not finish the thought, but silently supplicated Heaven to spare its life."

The little Agnes then grew for two years, but the wound was never healed. The mother learnt to be jealous of the child, and called it "thy child," when she spoke of it to the father. To him were consigned all the little arts with which it is generally the mother's privilege and pleasure to train the budding infant mind, and open up to it the poetry that is to be culled from all the little incidents of a child's existence. But Agnes only laughed at the father's fondness, and thought his



hours spent with the infant as so much waste of time, and unprofitable trifling. At length the scene changed, and the real trial came. The child had a dangerous fall, languished, and died; and the bereaved parents mourned and wept,—but apart. The discomforts of home then increased. Albert was more and more a lonely man, save when he enjoyed the company of his friends, and solaced the old age of his father and mother. Now and then Agnes was touched, and the happy moment seemed arriving when she would throw off her outward, harsh, unloving nature, and become what she might have been, and what she almost longed to be. At length the painter felt a premature old age stealing upon his faculties. The *artist* within him wanted to breathe a freer and a more invigorating air; and not without hope that temporary absence might touch the heart of Agnes, in whose essential goodness he placed undoubting confidence, he journeyed southward into the land of beauty.

"Albert remained more than a year in Venice. And here, placed again in the living wrestling world, full of young minds who were opening up new paths, he perceived how salutary it is for an artist to tear himself away from his circumscribed path in the midst of his days, that he may once more have a free view of his fellow-creatures in the world around him. He becomes young again. His life has two springs. He receives new impressions, and by means of already cultivated art, executes what he has newly conceived with mind and vigour. He thus once more, as it were, branches out, and new tendrils shoot forth—and only on young yearly shoots do grapes grow! Should he neglect this, then he becomes by degrees stiff, and as it were petrified, even in those which are considered his best compositions."

This is a brief reflection of Schefer's, but it holds within it a storehouse of truth. There are two vernal seasons in the life of every man of genius, artist or not artist; and it is the misfortune of too many of us that we know not this, and do not recognise the nature of that second spring of vigour and young enthusiasm which comes upon the mind when the physical frame is fully developed, and we start on the commencement of our course as *men*. Yet, this is the secret of the sudden and striking change that we often see in the works and conduct of many amongst us, when all at once they seem to begin life again, and to cast away whatever was old, hesitating, feeble, and conventional, and surprise their generation by their hitherto hidden powers. This also may teach us patience when for many a weary year we see no fruit appearing from all our efforts to enlighten and elevate those to whom we are devoting all our best energies. The second spring-time of life is at hand, when the fairest blossoms of existence will freely burst forth.

Many honours, offered both in love and envy, awaited the traveller in Italy. The Master Bellino wished to have the pencil with which he painted hair so minutely, yet painted so many at a time. Marcantonio Raimondi made counterfeits of his plates. Andrea Mantegna wished to see him, and wrote to him from his dying couch; but he went to Padua, and found Mantegna dead. Raphael took Albert's simple landscapes as backgrounds for his own immortal pictures. Stories, false indeed, yet indicative of Dürer's great reputation, were spread, how Michael Angelo had torn his drawings and burnt his paintings. Then the painter returned to his wife at Nürnberg, and won her smiles, alas! by an account of the prosperous state of his pecuniary affairs.

"All these evils were atoned for by a great sum of money, nearly eleven hundred Rhenish florins, that Albert received from the Emperor Rodolph II. for a picture of the Martyrdom of St. Bartholomew, which he had painted in Venice, and which, well packed in bales, two strong men on foot had carried on poles from Venice to Prague. Then there was joy in the house! Mistress Agnes prepared some strong foaming chocolate, which new beverage she had heard much vaunted, and with long-suppressed desire to partake of it. During the sipping of the same, she now in her usual way spoke of every thing which she would procure, as pleasantly as the drink fell pleasantly on her tongue. The things she now saw so sweetly in her mind's eye, she afterwards provided herself with; good household furniture, pretty dresses, trunks, drawers, pewter vessels, all the requisites for needle-work. Now there was abundance going on—cutting, sewing, trimming, and putting in order! At last Master Albert laid down the receipt before her, shewing that he had paid the whole of his debts in Venice.

She tore the paper for joy. When the bright sun shone into the room, and the polished tin glistened, then Agnes sat down pleasantly, and played again on the harp. She smiled quite benignantly night and morning from beneath the new bed-clothes. She even allowed herself to be drawn by her husband in a picture which represented Adam and Eve, and the beautiful Agnes was the beautiful Eve. Albert had for a long time wished to draw the innocent pair, but had never ventured, for want of an Eve. Now he succeeded in the picture, and a stone was removed from his heart. He also struck a medal of her. In it she is represented with her innocent lovely countenance looking upwards. She was delighted with the design, and the Master was pleased that she was pleased. Yet she willingly took twelve hundred Rhenish florins for the picture of Adam and Eve, and it was hung up in the splendid hall in the fortress. The house was paid; and then Agnes looked out at the window with him one Sunday as the people were coming from church. Her locks hung beautifully down her soft cheeks, and the Master looked through between them, and watched with delight her roguish eye. She was quite beautiful, and he came to the conclusion that he would marry her again, if she had not already been his wife."

Agnes now shewed more plainly than ever, that all she sought for was money, to lift her up in the world; not only to raise her family above their former station, but to hoard and gloat upon, and to buy her rich dresses and decorations, and to make her a great lady among her friends. And therefore all still went wrong. Not long afterwards, the pair made a "progress" in company through certain cities of Germany, where the artist was caressed and fêted by the great people of the land, kings, princes, and traders; and Agnes was honoured by the noble ladies for her husband's sake. But the journey brought little or no profit; and Agnes felt all the undeserved praises that were showered upon her by those who knew her not, as so many hidden reproaches and insults. And thus they returned to their uncomfortable home. At last Albert could endure no more, and again left his wife, leaving her in charge of all his works, and all his worldly wealth. After a while, he once more revisited her, himself a changed man, with health gradually giving way, but with a vigorous determination to take his life as God had given it to him, to bear or to enjoy, seeking peace in self-conquest, and resolute to make one more effort to open the heart of his wife, and to make her a wife indeed.

"The worst of life," writes our author, very strikingly, "is, that we all live on this earth for the first time. Every thing is new; no one gets accustomed to the perpetual surprises—at best only accustomed to be surprised. Even the old, the daily-recurring, finds us every day new and changed in age, in mind, in likes and dislikes, so that it often operates more strangely, more peculiarly than the new, to whose impressions we yet hesitate to resign ourselves. And thus to know how to live requires perpetual genius—for life is the highest of all arts."

Thus Albert felt every day more powerfully; and he felt too that his only wisdom would be to begin life, as it were, again. He was sustained also by the secret hope, that suffering had wrought its happy effect on Agnes herself, and that she would *come out* to meet him, if not in the body, yet with the cordial greeting of true affection.

And so it proved. Agnes met him with a changed mind. She had learnt that wisdom lies in obedience, and in free, self-sacrificing love. Her affection, too, was called forth by the sight of his attenuated frame, and manifestly wasting strength. He was, indeed, stricken with the mortal disease which by and by took him away from her. And his mind was now in the season of autumn, the season of the gathering of the corn and the vintage.

"The cheerfulness Albert had maintained during the whole of his past life was gone, was now entirely lost; but his life—by no means so! His mental faculties, his fancies, his desires, had richly indemnified him, and he was enabled to impart to others the feelings of pleasure which had been denied to himself—ah! and also the powers which he still possessed, without having known or dreamt of them! He now became conscious of a new faculty in man,—that of being able to remodel the past, according to his present powers and perceptions!—a faculty which almost of itself would demonstrate that man is of Divine origin. With the torch of his present knowledge, he went far back into the hall of other days. Images in an innumerable succession of chambers were there to be seen.



And as he began to wander with his torch, the old forms which were resting there rose up once again, and they looked at him differently, and he looked at them differently; they whispered to him, and he whispered to them what he now knew that he knew not formerly; their countenances were peaceful, and his soul came to an understanding with theirs; and from the cultivated of every age he parted reconciled and with a smile; and he roused those of the following age, and conciliated them also. But he himself was also to be seen there! a poor, melancholy, embarrassed man, who sat and painted in all the chambers and looked pitifully at him! To this self, during all these long days so desolate and lonely, he also reconciled himself; and his forms all smiled now, arose, and wished to follow him through all the chambers of the hall of other days, even up into the last chamber—even out into the great hall of the sun—to Agnes, where she now lived and breathed, a changed, improved, and estimable being, and where he alone was permitted to wander—he, the living, the blest! But they only looked after him, and said: 'We now willingly remain here in the hall of the past; thou hast revived us, and poured fresh water on us, like faded flowers! Thou hast breathed a bright soul into thine own dead works. We thank thee that thou didst come down and dwell with us. Mayst thou be happy, till thou comest thyself, or till thou dost arrive at the end of thine own course! He thus filled up again the spoiled wine of his life with fresh sweet must, and it fermented and cast out the dregs, and was palatable, although not so sweet as the must!

"To see his Agnes thus excused was a cordial to his heart, and imparted power to his mind yet once more to flame forth. But with already broken heart, he could only now direct her attention to the preservation of his works. He completed those that were only half finished, destroyed such as were no longer practicable, overlooked every thing, and rejoiced in his life. Even the saddest year has sunny blinks, and seed thrives in good ground even in a bad year; and the year is twice beautiful—when the trees blossom, and when they exhibit red and yellow fruits; in the interval every thing is uniformly green and green! There lay now on the large table the fruits of his labours; his work: Instruction, for the use of all lovers of the arts; four books on the proportions of the human body; the Great Passion; the Revelation of St. John; the Life of Mary; 104 sheets of engravings; 367 sheets of woodcuts; the whole of the pictures in his own list were to the number of 1254 pieces. The scholars also whom he had trained arrived to see him; one of them, indeed, was the Pope's painter and architect at Rome. He inspected the medals which were struck in honour of him; fifty different likenesses were scarcely sufficient to supply the demands which came from all quarters. He was most struck with a medal of him, on which were his arms: an open gate with two wings; on the crest a grown man without arms. Thus the past may often prove an indication of the future! The open gate was the gate to heaven. The grown man without arms was he, the dead. What was there in his life that he could now change? what improve? It was God alone who could change the peace he had found in life, to peace in death. So farewell, my Albert! The Italians called thee Alberto Duro! but that thou wert not, either in art or in life. Thus Albert peacefully awaited death, as he had peacefully lived. Almighty God be gracious to him, and grant him a happy end!"

Such was Albert Dürer in his heart, his home, and his latter days. How far Schefer has drawn him truly, we need not determine. He has painted a beautiful picture, in which the thoughtful will recognise the lineaments, if not of an artist, yet of the artist. It will give us not a little gratification to find that the lady who has here presented it to the English public, receives her reward in a just appreciation of her labours, not only by the artist world, but by every person of refined and cultivated ideas.

#### EXHIBITION OF THE SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

In these days of universal progression, when all the world is placed under the most absolute marching orders, to stand still becomes virtually to be left behind in the great struggle to get forward. That some such disastrous fate may be in store for the old Water-Colour Society, unless they effect a material change in the character of their exhibitions, is, we fear, to be apprehended; since not even the impetus given to its ancient constitution, by the infusion of fresh, rich, and invigorating young blood into its aged veins, has availed to rouse its members to any effort exceeding those to which they had been previously stimulated. While, on the one hand, we are not this year shocked by any works of surpassing absurdity, we are not, on the other, urged into very enthusiastic admiration by any extra-

ordinary or admirable achievements. While, on the one hand, no exhibiting artist need wish to altogether disclaim any specimen of his handicraft exposed for public appreciation in the present exhibition, scarcely any one would, we think, be content to allow that this year's labours presented that perfect picture of his capabilities, by which he would be willing to be judged hereafter at the bar of public opinion. Thus Cattermole, Cox, De Wint, and Copley Fielding, favour us with a number of works, distinguished by all their usual peculiarities, and not in all cases by their usual talent; and thus several once distinguished contributors, such as Mr. Joseph Nash, Mr. J. F. Lewis, and Mr. Lake Price, have dwindled into shadows only of their former selves.

The artists who have assumed the rôle of Atlas, and struggled most energetically to keep up the heavy load of this somewhat tottering fabric, are Messrs. Cattermole, Frederick Tayler, Duncan, Richardson, Hunt, Bentley, Callow, Fripp, and Dodgson; and among their productions are many of extreme beauty.

Mr. Cattermole's best picture, the "Refectory Grace" (No. 259), represents a friar invoking a blessing on the repast spread upon a table, around which are seated a collection of most picturesque-looking individuals, bustling about to provide for whose physical necessities many of the worthy fathers of the hospitable monastery are to be seen hurrying to and fro in the background of the chamber in which the scene is laid. The heads are all full of expression and well drawn, while the effect and colour are equal to any thing we recollect by the same artist. The picture is, however, too slight and sketchy. It is a pity Mr. Cattermole does not endeavour to emulate Mr. Haghe's clear and correct execution, for his fire and genius united with a more perfect truth and precision of hand, would decidedly elevate him to the rank of first water-colour artist of the day. At present, with all their wonderful merits, his pictures have rather the appearance of brilliant sketches than finished works of art. In No. 272, "The Youthful Champion departing to the Combat," the solidity of colour is admirably maintained without the loss of any of the clear open-air character of the scene, while the handling is as vigorous as that of a Salvator Rosa. In "The Silent Warning" (No. 317), the story is admirably told; the perilous hostel into which two or three cavaliers have entered, with its inner chamber half-filled with ruffians, who look "fit for treasons, stratagems, and spoils," is capitally painted; while the graceful figure of the generous girl who administers the "silent warning" to her guests, subduing, by an evident effort, all appearance of excitement, interests the spectator at once in her moral and physical beauty. The "Scene from the Story of Sintram" shews us that Mr. Cattermole can make a suit of armour infinitely more interesting, though tenantless, than Mr. MacIise's fully-armed living knight; and further demonstrates the fact that, had the latter gentleman possessed one-half the eye for effect and consistency of detail exhibited by the former, he might have made his *great* work as valuable as it is now valueless. Mr. Cattermole's too strong predilection for a warm brown tint materially interferes with the general truth of his colour, producing the same deleterious effect that too free a use of asphalt is apt to do in oil painting. This applies in a very strong degree to his landscapes, which do not possess any merit corresponding to that exhibited in his figure-pictures.

Every one of Mr. Frederick Tayler's works are characterised by ability, but we should like to see him break away a little from the usual monotony of his Scotch subjects, and elaborate a really historical picture in water-colours. There exists no earthly reason why a noble and "high art" subject may not be executed on paper just as well as on canvass; and we conceive, from the admirable qualities of drawing and colouring possessed by this gentleman, that he has it in his power, by a little extra exertion of thought and labour, to produce works far above the level of any he has yet attempted. It would, we cannot but think, be infinitely more honourable to be original with some few faults, than to be known only as the Landseer of the Old Water-Colour.

The "Interior of a Highland Larder, weighing the Stag," is unquestionably the gem of the exhibition, and the drawing, of both men and animals, is admirable. The scene is well arranged, and the whole is painted with spirit and vigour.

Mr. Hunt, whose mission appears to have been, for many years past, to immortalise all sorts of oddities, displays artistic powers of a high order. He has quite established himself as the Mulready of this gallery, and as a painter of artificial light, no one at the Royal Academy surpasses him. As a truthful delineator of character, no one upon his own ground approaches him. His "Orphan" (No. 112) is full of quiet humour, and the face of the hungry boy in "Hot Bread and Milk" is delicious. His birds-nests, fruit, and flowers have grown into a proverb, and those in the present exhibition are among his very best.

Mr. Callow's pictures are excellent, the Wurtzburg view especially; he falls, however, in some of them, into the com-



mon error of mistaking *sketching* handling for real freedom. It is to be always recollected that a sketch is valuable only as it serves to indicate rapidly the faculty of going far beyond it; and that the artist who, without having ever thoroughly elaborated his subjects into finished pictures, attempts to convey a great deal by adopting a sketchy style, invariably falls into slovenly mannerism, and his real feebleness and inability is sure to peep out somewhere.

Mr. George Fripp's works possess much merit: they are solid, though now and then a little heavy in colour; and they are carried out with a minute study of natural effects.

It is a pity his namesake, Mr. Alfred Fripp, lends himself to an ardent imitation of Mr. Topham, since, when he exhibits his own power, as in No. 16, "A Composition of Willows," he manifests considerable ability.

Mr. T. M. Richardson has distinguished himself greatly this year; his "Harlech Castle, North Wales, Passing Storm," is a very fine landscape; and his "Village of St. Pierre, Great St. Bernard," almost rivals Stanfield in the purity and charm of its sunny lights.

Mr. Evan's Scotch scenes are not interesting, and are very, very monotonous; the effects are too conventional, and the figures want more correct drawing.

Mr. Bentley's marine subjects are, as usual, excellent; though in one or two of them the great concentration of hot colour on the vessels, &c. is by no means probable or pleasing.

Mr. Topham's scene from Rory O'More is very pretty indeed, possessing much truth and sweetness. The girl's head is refined, and yet not too much like that of a mere young lady.

Mr. Joseph Nash gives only one contribution, and that by no means a favourable specimen of his great cleverness.

Mr. Rayner establishes his honourable position of deputy Cattermole with some talent.

While acknowledging fully the great powers and the intimate knowledge of the effects of nature possessed by Mr. Cox, we really feel bound to protest against the slovenly, careless way in which his great *studies* are got up. This slapdash manner, adopted by several of our most eminent water-colour painters, has taken its origin, no doubt, from the foolish prejudice existing in the minds of people who are not really acquainted with art in its perfection, that, because a picture is bold, it must necessarily be admirable. This ridiculous idea has been fostered and encouraged by many artists, probably because they found it infinitely less troublesome to make a hasty dashing portrait of nature do duty for a finished painting, than it would have been to conceive and compose, in detail as well as in general character, a really perfect work of art. However beautiful some of Mr. Cox's effects may be, we fear no one can deny that several of his labours this year approach as nearly to the daub direct as those of Mr. De Wint to the daub by implication. Some of this gentleman's black and lumpy foliage, and unaerial skies, are most displeasing. One or two of his long pictures are clever and truthful, though not always possessing much subject, and very rarely any interest or beauty.

Among the veterans whose laurels are most eminently evergreen, must be ranked foremost on the list Mr. Prout, who has done more to elevate and enrich the art of water-colour painting than perhaps any other artist alive; and it is therefore a great pleasure to see him occupying the honourable position he has for so many years held in this gallery. The picturesque arrangement of his subjects, the clearness and transparency of his light and shade, and the beauty of his colour, are, as they always have been, most agreeable. The old failing, a want of delicate and crisp drawing, still disfigures them. However, most of his younger brethren have yet much to learn from this eminently original artist.

Mr. Dodgson's pictures are remarkable for a feeling of graceful refinement in both composition and execution. His "Christmas Morning" (No. 277) and his "Music Party" (No. 116) are charming little pictures, and his "Interior, Evening," (No. 152) is an admirable rendering of that most unpaintable subject, the few lingering rays of glowing sunlight that partially illuminate and colour an otherwise dark, grey cathedral.

It has been reserved for Mr. Nesfield to perpetrate the enormity of the season. We need hardly point to his "Aurora Borealis;"—it is glaring enough of itself.

Mr. Copley Fielding covers a large portion of the walls, with many pictures of uniform mediocrity. His mode of working is smooth and clean, his distances pure and aerial, his taste sufficiently elegant; but, after all, his works are grievously mannered; his bit of brown foreground, introduced to put back the middle distance, is an artifice too palpable when always repeated; his trees have a frittered appearance, and his stormy skies are unmitigated ink: all these failings might be overlooked if any one of his representations of nature suggested any grand or elevating emotion. They come to our organs of sensation,

only as the views we see constantly in nature, which, devoid of any individuality, confer the sense of enjoyment only for the shortest possible space of time; and when seen no longer, leave no emotion, pleasurable or otherwise, stamped upon the book of memory.

Mr. J. W. Wright's "Preparing for Sunday" (No. 332) is a clever piece of expression painting, and if a little more vigorous in colour, would form a suitable pendant to Mr. Webster's "Village Choir."

The general feeling with which we returned from this Exhibition was that of regret that so much cultivation and dexterity had been brought to bear upon the works we had seen, without any corresponding approach to perfection in the intellectual organisation of the artists. Nature had been ably copied, but without selection; there was little evidence among the landscape painters of any study of the series of emotions likely to be produced by the character or association peculiar to any individual objects in her endless repertory of beauties. Painting appeared degenerating to a handicraft; most of the artists had evidently endeavoured to avoid *thought* as much as possible, portraying whatever came first to hand in the *patent* manner peculiar to each. Of manual education there was ample evidence; of moral and intellectual, little or none.

### Music.

*Te Deum, for Four Voices. Missa Quadragesimalis, for Four Voices.* Composed by the Rev. J. Crookall, D.D. London, Purday.

THE *Te Deum* before us is a sound, solid, and straightforward composition, which will not only be found practically useful, but which shews its author to be a more than ordinarily accomplished musician. It is not too long; and though sufficiently grave and severe for all the purposes of ecclesiastical music, is very far from wanting liveliness and point. It is also within the reach of any tolerably instructed choir.

The *Mass* is a more elaborate work, aiming at a higher style of composition; and it proves that Dr. Crookall has not only studied deeply the ancient Church writers, but that he possesses considerable natural aptitude for catching their spirit, and for throwing himself, as far as a modern can do so, into their modes of musical thought and feeling. The *Credo*, indeed, can alone be called a direct imitation of the style of the sixteenth century, the rest of the *Mass* being cast in a later mould, and in one which we suspect will be the form in which Dr. Crookall's genius will ultimately develop itself. For pleasing, successful, and welcome, as is so skilful a piece of revival as his *Credo*, the difficulty of going back three hundred years in the history of art, and writing music that shall be neither suggestive of reminiscences of the great masters, nor patched with phrases, modulations, and rhythms of later styles, is, in our judgment, almost insuperable; and we have little doubt that, useful as it may be to write in all schools of music, for a composer's own benefit, Dr. Crookall, and every one else, would do well to throw themselves heartily into the art and science of music as it exists *as a whole*, and as it has come down to us in our own days, and to seek that mode of musical expression *which is natural to themselves*, rather than to reproduce facsimiles of the style of any one definite period in its past history. It is hard to judge of a writer's real genius and power by one or two works; but we cannot but entertain hopes that Dr. Crookall will proceed in the path he has entered, with very material benefit to the ecclesiastical music of the day.

### Journal of the Week.

May 19.—In a debate last night in the Commons, Mr. Frewen made some remarks on the fever which, he stated, was now raging in the neighbourhood of the House, and which was increasing its ravages to an alarming extent. It had broken out, since he last addressed the House on the subject, in College Street; and he understood that the Boards of Guardians in the parishes of St. John and St. Margaret had come to a resolution, that if the present proceedings were continued, and if the parties connected with the Board of Health should persist in using the machine for the deodorising fluid, they would prefer an indictment against them in the Court of Queen's Bench.

A large meeting of the Society for the Improvement of the Labouring Classes was held yesterday at Exeter Hall, Prince Albert in the chair.

Paris continues tranquil.

The Provisional Government of Milan has ordered the opening of registers throughout the country to receive the votes of the population relative to the annexation of Lombardy to Piedmont. Placentia has resolved to unite itself to Piedmont. There were 37,370 voters; 10 of whom voted for Parma, 60 for Lombardy, 300 for the Pope, and 37,000 for Piedmont.

May 20.—In the House of Lords last night the Bishop of



Llandaff brought forward a motion respecting the manner in which the Crown livings were disposed in Wales, and complained that clergymen were sent into that principality who were unable to fulfil their parochial duties owing to their ignorance of the Welsh language. The Lord Chancellor defended the system which he pursued with respect to Crown livings, and trusted the House would see no reason for altering the law. In the end, the motion was withdrawn.

The National Assembly has completed by ballot the list of eighteen members who are to form the committee for preparing a draught of a constitution. The following are the names of the committee: MM. Cormenin, Armand Marrast, Lamennais, Vivien, Tocqueville, Dufaure, Martin (of Strasburg), Voirhaye, Coquerel (Protestant minister), Corbon, Turret (de l'Allier), Gustave de Beaumont, Dupin, Vaulabelle, Odillon Barrot, Pages (de l'Ariège), Dornés, and Considerant. The number of prisoners already in the Chateau of Vincennes is 140. Every moment new arrests occurred, or were ordered. No intimation of the time, manner, or place of the trial has yet been given by Government.

The last account of the reported engagement at Sonderwitt, on the 14th, is, that 200 Danes crossed from the island at day-break, and landed in front of the German position. General Halkett forbade any attack till the whole body had advanced too far from the support of their ships; a sudden advance was then ordered, and in the action that ensued it is reported that the whole Danish detachment was destroyed, but few were made prisoners, and none were able to recross into the island. This is the second or third conflict of the same kind, but neither of the others was attended with such loss.

May 22.—There was a slight disturbance in Dublin on Friday night, in consequence of an order from the police to stop the nightly marchings of the Confederate Clubs to Newgate, where they have been wont to meet to cheer the incarcerated Mr. John Mitchell. The police appear to have managed the execution of this order in the clumsiest possible way.

The French Minister of Finance has presented to the National Assembly the long-expected project of law relative to the assumption of the railroads by the State. The value of those different lines shall be fixed according to the average price of their respective shares on the Paris Bourse during the six months that preceded the revolution of the 24th of February (from the 24th of August, 1847, to the 24th of February, 1848). In exchange for the shares the holders shall receive coupons of *rentes* five per cent, price for price, according to the average price of the Paris Bourse during the six months above-mentioned.

May 23.—In the House of Lords last night the Earl of Ellenborough called the attention of the House to the increase which had taken place in the public expenditure, at a time when, owing to the distressed state of trade at home and abroad, it was more than ever necessary to observe a rigid economy. The Miscellaneous Estimates had risen from 2,332,638*l.* in 1838, to 3,659,800*l.* in 1847. The Marquis of Lansdowne would not follow the Earl of Ellenborough through all his details, but content himself with observing, that there were no means whatever, within the reach of the Government and Parliament, by which the wants of a constantly increasing population and an extending empire could be provided for without an increase in the public estimates and expenditure.

In the House of Commons the chief matter of importance was the discussion of the clauses of the Public Health Bill.

A scheme is on foot for a "systematic colonisation" of part of New Zealand on "Church of England principles." The Archbishop of Canterbury's name is at the head of its supporters.

The Irish Confederates held an open-air meeting on Sunday to protest against the packing of juries.

The *fête* of concord in Paris, including the superb illuminations with which it terminated, went off with *éclat*, and without accident. Great indignation has been expressed at the quantity of arms and ammunition found at the residence of M. Sobrier, and which, rumour stated, had been delivered from Vincennes, on an order from certain members of the Provisional Government.

On the 13th instant the Austrians directed a simultaneous attack against the two Italian camps of Curtatone and Montanara. The assailants were 3000 in number, with six pieces of artillery. The firing lasted three hours, when the enemy retired. Five men were killed and 18 wounded in the camp of Curtatone, 15 wounded in that of Montanara. The Austrians left on the field three wounded and six killed, and a few prisoners, who stated that about sixty killed and wounded, amongst whom were a major and a captain, had been removed to Mantua. The captain of the Neapolitan Volunteers, Rossarol, and another officer, were wounded on the side of the Italians.

May 24.—In the House of Commons last night Lord G. Bentinck moved for several returns on silk and timber duties, with the view of shewing that free-trade has been a failure. He was answered by Mr. Gladstone in detail. After a debate, the

returns were granted. On Mr. Hume's postponing his motion on parliamentary reform until the 20th June, Lord John Russell expressed his opinion that at present neither the middle nor the working classes wished for the "People's Charter," or for that great plan of reform which came very near to it.

The bills of indictment for felony against Mr. John Mitchell have been sent up before the grand jury at the sitting of the Commission Court. After a deliberation which lasted some time, the jury returned into court finding a "true bill."

Mr. Devin Reilly has been arrested, on an information sworn before the magistrates, charging him with having been engaged in drilling and training men at a meeting held in a place called Bellevue, Grand Canal Harbour.

The Emperor of Austria has fled from Vienna, frightened by the revolutionary movement, and has gone, or says he is going, to stay at Innsbruck.

The details of his Majesty's flight are thus given by a German paper: His Majesty the Emperor with the Empress drove last evening about 6 o'clock through the town in the direction of Mariahilf. He was cheered by the people, and returned their salutations. It was thought he was going to Schönbrunn. An empty imperial travelling-carriage followed an hour afterwards in the same direction, and four more travelling-carriages, with six horses each, followed about 9 o'clock. It became then evident that the imperial family had quitted Vienna. Early in the morning this event was announced by posted bills, containing a manifesto of the Ministry, who had before tendered their resignation, but who, at the entreaties of the Emperor and the University, had consented to remain in office *ad interim*. The Ministers stated that a merely verbal communication had informed them of this sudden departure, for which the Emperor's health was given as a motive, and that Innsbruck had been fixed upon as his residence. They added, that the commander of the National Guard, Count Hoyos, accompanied by Count Wilczek, was already gone after the Emperor, with a view of inducing him to return.

Gioberti has been elected president of the Turin Parliament by acclamation.

A military insurrection took place at Seville on the 13th inst., which appears to have been of a more serious nature than was at first stated. The people took no part in it. A Colonel belonging to the Staff of Captain-General Shelly was killed. The next morning order was restored.

Sir H. Bulwer, the British Minister at Madrid, received his passports from the Spanish Government on the 18th, with orders to quit that capital within 48 hours. He has just arrived in England.

The new French Minister of War, General Cavaignac, displays activity, energy, and vigour, and has assembled in Paris and its neighbourhood an army of 50,000 men. The vicinity to the metropolis of the prison in which Barbès, Raspail, and Sobrier are confined, suggests fears for an attempt to liberate them, which would be surely defeated, and which would cost the assailants dear.

Serious insurrections have broken out in various provinces of Greece.

Accounts from Constantinople announce that the cholera is at present carrying off from twelve to twenty-three victims daily.

May 25th.—Peace has been preserved in Vienna, notwithstanding the Emperor's flight. Häfner, the editor of the *Constitution*, Mahler, a *collaborateur*, and Tuvora, both newspaper writers, have been apprehended for endeavouring to proclaim a Republic, and been taken under a strong escort to the prison on the Alser Glacis; they were followed by a large number of persons, but no attempt at a rescue was made. The whole of the garrison—infantry, cavalry, and artillery—were stationed on the Glacis and in the Burg. The National Guard were on duty, and the Central Committee had expressed confidence in the intentions of the Ministers, and declared their intention to support them unconditionally in any measures they thought necessary for the public safety. The last news, however, is that the Emperor is returning. It thus stands:

"Half-past 5 in the Evening.—At this moment the joyful information is spreading that his Majesty will return this very night to his faithful Viennese. Thousands stand round the imperial palace expecting his arrival. That palace is still occupied by the troops and the National Guards."

At length the Piedmontese have begun the siege of Peschiera. The weather has been very unfavourable yesterday and to-day, and some of the newly-erected works have been injured by the heavy rains; but the anxiety to begin was so great, that, as soon as one heavy battery was in order, at a late hour this afternoon, its fire was opened on the obstinate little fortress. The Austrians replied in a determined manner, and showered shot and shell in great abundance. The troops must suffer severely, bivouacked as they all are without tents on the wet ground, and exposed day and night to the incessant rain;



but the young soldiers bear all with patience, and their officers set them a good example.

The *Patrie* accounts for a report that the executive government of France had resigned, by the fact that the five members of the government had expressed their determination to retire if the decree dispensing them from attending the sittings of the National Assembly should not be adopted. This decree having been rejected by fifteen of the eighteen standing committees of the National Assembly on Tuesday, it was supposed that the executive government would resign, should the Assembly adopt their views.

Extraordinary measures were adopted on Tuesday for the protection of the Assembly. Early in the morning General Cavaignac, Minister of War, accompanied by General Bedeau, visited the barracks of the capital, and presided in person at the execution of the orders he had given for the security of the Assembly. No less than 15,000 men were stationed in the immediate neighbourhood of the palace, but none were visible except two battalions of National Guards drawn up on the quays.

Thirteen sergeants and one civilian, sentenced to death by court-martial, for taking part in the insurrection at Madrid, have been pardoned by the Queen, and their penalty commuted into imprisonment for life in a *presidio*.

The cholera has re-appeared at Moscow. During the last year 300,000 persons have been attacked, and about 100,000 persons have perished in Russia. In certain towns in Russia, comprising a population of 411,245, 21,295 persons have been attacked, of whom 11,361 have died; the number attacked being 1 to 19.5 of the population. In nearly the same towns, but with a smaller population, 305,329, the number of sick on the former visitation in the year 1830-31 was 15,550, of whom 9,018 died, the number of sick being then 1 to 19.6 of the population. The late course of the disease in Russia is agreed to have been in all respects similar to the course in 1830-31. It was then abated by the frost, and re-appeared with the spring.

The *Dublin Evening Freeman* gives the following: "We have just heard that a warrant has been issued for the arrest of Mr. C. G. Duffy, and that informations, charging Mr. T. D. Reilly with having committed felony under the new act, have been sworn this day. Rumour also says that Mr. T. D. McGee is about to be proceeded against."

The Rev. Father Kenyon has arrived in Dublin, for the purpose, it is said, of superintending the editorial department of the *United Irishman*, in the event of that journal being deprived of the services of its present staff. Mr. Kenyon is possessed of property in the county of Limerick, sufficient to render him independent of the income derivable from the parish of Templeberry, now that Bishop Kennedy has forbidden the exercise of his sacerdotal functions.

Mr. Mullings (Conservative) is returned by a large majority for Cirencester.

### Miscellaneous.

#### PRETENDED JOURNAL OF THE PRINCE DE JOINVILLE.

A PARIS newspaper gives the following extracts, of course supposititious, of a journal kept by the Prince De Joinville at Claremont:

April 8.—I walk enormously. A grand *fête* yesterday. We took our wives on the Thames, fresh east wind and foggy. Arrival of a prodigious forest of ships. You know how much this spectacle has already struck me. I saw innumerable vessels with screw propellers, and among others a frigate in iron with battery from end to end. I had at one moment the idea of going to Brest at the time of meeting of the Assembly, and to establish myself there with my wife and children. What do you think of this idea? I think that at Brest, living as a simple citizen, my presence would give offence to no one.

May 5.—I stated to you that for the present we had renounced quitting England. First, to avoid causing ourselves to be spoken of, and next from motives of economy. We remain, therefore, vegetating as quietly as possible in the country. We live an idle life—no interest animates us. I at present read a good deal. In my opinion the political situation is this: there has been a truce struck up between the two parties until the meeting of the Assembly; one party wished to see the result of universal suffrage; the others said to themselves that to overthrow one or several provisional governments would be of no use, since in the end the Assembly would have to be faced, and which they would have to get rid of if it were a bad one. It was therefore better to wait, and do everything at once. In the midst of all the faults of the Provisional Government, of the hatred and the ridicule which they excited, the Assembly has been elected—it is republican and moderate. I think that it has been clearly proved that the experiment of universal suffrage is favourable to order and property. But what will now take place? This Assembly, accused of mo-

deration, will aim at popularity; but the part of the population whose noisy acclamations give the pleasures of popularity are not the most discreet. The Assembly will be forced to give pledges to this rabble (*tourbe*), who will accuse it of a reactionary spirit, and it is we who will be first offered up as a sacrifice. That being done, the question will arise to know whether the Assembly will serve as a dyke, or will allow itself to be swept away by the torrent of disorder. If it attempts to arrest the movement, there will be fighting in Paris. If the government, the National Guard, the troops, are beaten in Paris, if the Assembly is forced to jump out of the windows, or if they are forced by intimidation to vote as the others please, we shall have saturnalia of blood throughout the whole of France. The best thing to be done in that case would be to select some town, such as Amiens, Bourges, or Alençon, and there to call together all the Assembly that was dispersed, to collect there all the troops, and all the National Guards. The members of the Assembly could there vote what they pleased, and then march on Paris. But, alas, the government that would be established would receive a baptism of blood—it is only by the extermination of its enemies that it would be able to exist—such an idea strikes one with horror! I am actuated in this moment by two interests, by two passions—my country and my family. These passions are the main-spring of my actions. When I was in France I laboured for both; now they are separated. Were I an unmarried man, I should naturally devote myself to my country for ever. But at present, if I foresee that I shall not be able to return to my country unless at an uncertain and distant time, I ask myself if I ought not to give up the idea at once, whatever may be my regret, whatever the chances of the future, in order to prepare for my children some certain provision. If I wait indefinitely until my country opens to me its door, I may die and leave my children poor, without country, and invested with that title of prince which is more and more difficult to bear. If, on the contrary, I take a decisive part, I can employ my remaining years of vigour and energy in forming in the United States an establishment, and making a little fortune for my children. In dying, I should leave them a country to know and to love, and suitable means of existence. It is only in the "far west" that I can throw off the old man. I should there, in fine, be able to satisfy a part of my tastes, and have before me an object to attain, towards which all my thoughts would tend. My projects as to the future will depend on the turn that the Assembly will take; I hope to be decided before long.

May 11.—I have excellent hopes of the Assembly; its preliminary sittings are a little disorderly, but that is inevitable in so numerous a meeting. Its spirit appears to me good. I believe that it really has the intention of founding a grand and powerful Republic. God grant that it may be so! The country yearns after order, and that will facilitate the commencement of the new Government. If they have the courage to effect economy so as to restore order to the finances, they will get on quickly, and well. We, who know our country, are aware how strong will be an authority which speaks in the name of universal suffrage; it must be allowed that it is the only authority that can save the country. The faults of the past Government did not prevent its lasting 17 years; so that it is not so difficult to govern France. For us, personally, we always think of returning to France. Once that the Republic is constituted, we cannot be refused the title and quality of French citizens. The weather is delightful; I take advantage of it to pass my days in the open air. Stretched on the grass, I read an immensity whilst our wives work. They make all their own dresses, bonnets, &c., and I can assure you that they could earn their living. As to me, a company in London has offered me the command of a vessel destined for India, so that you see that we can battle against want. My health continues to be not very good—there is always something wrong—sometimes one thing, sometimes another. Happily my wife and my dear little ones are well. May we again behold our native land!

#### REJECTED WORKS AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

MR. BEAUCLERC has addressed the following letter to the newspapers:

May 7, 1848.

Sir,—I herewith enclose you a letter, which I trust a sense of justice, and what is due to the fine arts, will induce you to publish in your influential columns, and you will much oblige your obedient servant,

G. BEAUCLERC.

To the Secretary, Royal Academy, Trafalgar Square.

Sir,—I beg to acknowledge the receipt of your note (expressing that the rejection of my works had no reference to my being an amateur or an artist), and to request that a definite and positive answer be given to my inquiry, why only one out of eight of my works sent for exhibition to the Academy has been accepted? The negative assurance in your note makes me feel



doubly the injustice of the Council's decision; and it is my intention not to suffer the matter to drop without that satisfaction which I think due to me from those persons whom I look on as the mere servants of the public, and answerable, like all officials, to every individual artist for their partial, invidious, or careless conduct; and from their having rejected the terra cottas which I sent (more particularly), I do most distinctly charge them with gross injustice and a neglect of their duties, for, if I understand rightly the constitution of this Academy, to whom the public have assigned the privilege of exhibiting works of art, in a building erected at the nation's expense, it is for the promotion of all the branches of the fine arts, without shewing favour or affection to any one. Now, sir, here is a distinct case in which a newly resuscitated art, practised in olden times by the first of sculptors and since fallen into disuse, is reintroduced, in materials of these realms, which were supposed to contain none such, and surpassing in beauty of colour and texture the most perfect terra cottas of antiquity; and though these works are but small-sized, and therefore might have been placed in the upper rooms on the desks, where such small works often are arranged, they have been coolly and scornfully rejected without even an apology, and I am ready to prove without the shadow of a fair excuse (to be invented) for their rejection. It is not, as may be seen by any one, for want of space; neither can it be for want of necessary conveniences, since the funds of the establishment are nobly ample to enable additional shelves and brackets to be affixed to the walls of the model-room (where there seems to have been no sort of effort made to afford additional room for works of art in the present very limited and unsuitable gallery), as well as for the purchase of such desks or pedestals in the upper rooms as would facilitate the exhibition of small works under glass shades, like the terra cottas sent by me. Awaiting the reply of the Council, I beg to remain your obedient servant,

G. BEAUCLERC.

A 23 Grosvenor Street West, Grosvenor Place,  
May 5, 1848.

N.B. These rejected works may be judged of by viewing them at Mr. Eldred's, printseller, Bond Street.

**SALE OF MR. WELLS'S PICTURES.**—The well-known collection of pictures, by old masters, the property of the late Mr. William Wells, of Redleaf, was sold on Friday and Saturday week, by Messrs. Christie and Manson. The collection consisted of 125 pictures, and the total produce of the sale was 30,747*l.* 7*s.* 6*d.* The Italian school was represented by a single specimen of Domenichino, the "St. Cecilia;" it sold for 550 guineas. Murillo's "St. Thomas of Villanova distributing Alms," was brought from the Franciscan Church at Genoa, by Mr. Irvine, in 1805, and sold to its late possessor for 1000*l.* On this occasion it brought 2850 guineas. A small picture by the same, "Head of a Spanish Girl, her head crowned with a wreath of vine and grapes, and holding a glass in her hand," sold for 305 guineas. Another specimen of the Spanish school, a "Portrait of Prince Balthazar of Spain," by Velasquez, was sold to the Marquis of Hertford for 650 guineas. Of the Flemish school, the finest specimen was a three-quarter portrait, by Van Dyck, of the wife of De Vos when about thirty; it sold for 750 guineas. A female portrait by Rubens, a poor specimen of the master, was knocked down for 205 guineas. Of the French school, there was a Claude, the "Enchanted Castle," which brought 2000 guineas; and a specimen of Greuze, representing a young female, with light auburn hair, seated with a basket of eggs, which sold for 750 guineas. Of the English school, there was Wilkie's celebrated "Distressing for Rent," which sold for 1050 guineas; more than double the price (500*l.*) which Wilkie received for it. The two best pictures of the Dutch school were by the brothers Adrian and Isaac Ostade. The specimen of Adrian, "A Pump in the back-court of a house, and a few fish on the ground," sold for 435*l.* 15*s.* The Isaac Ostade was a "Balt at a Country Inn;" it sold for 1000 guineas. A Ruysdael, a "Forest Scene," realised 700 guineas; a K. du Jardin (No. 114), 640 guineas; a Hobbema (No. 116), 610 guineas; a De Hooghe (certainly inferior to the Peel specimens), 515 guineas; a William Van de Velde (No. 118), 500 guineas; a W. Mieris, "A Traveller seated on a bank, with a knapsack by his side," 470 guineas; and a "Flower-piece" by Van Huysum, 400 guineas. The best Philip Wouwermans (No. 106) was sold for 380 guineas; and Rembrandt's portrait of his mother, a head in an oval, was knocked down to Mr. Eastlake for 360 guineas, we hope for the National Gallery.

**ROBBERIES AT THE ROYAL ACADEMY.**—On Monday information was received by the police that several valuable works of art had been stolen from the Royal Academy, principally statuettes of small compass. Amongst the missing articles are a round marble medallion of a female head, and the bust of a man about nine inches high.—*Globe*.

**CHINESE JUNK.**—The Chinese Junk, which is now in the East India Docks, performed a voyage from China to this country with a Chinese crew, under the conduct of Captain

Kellett. This voyage, which was by the western route, not a little astonished the crew, who were merely accustomed to river navigation, and had no notion of losing sight of land. The junk, with all its equipments, warlike, ornamental, and religious, with its Chinese crew, and with Captain Kellett himself, who is ready to explain the minutest details, is now open to public view. One step across the planks, and you are in the midst of a Chinese world—you have quitted the Thames for the vicinity of Canton. Brilliant colours shine upon the spectator from every side, with all the formless gaiety which is peculiar to the Chinese. Gaudy shields, as weapons of defence, hang along the deck; and jinjalls, a hybrid race between cannon and arquebusses, threaten on each side. The grand saloon is fitted up as a sort of museum, with all sorts of curiosities; and there is a neat little chapel containing the idols which those serious Orientals who lounge about the deck are in the habit of worshipping. The junk is so placed that the exterior may be viewed as well as the interior; and here another spectacle, equally odd and gorgeous with the first, is presented. To those who are curious in naval architecture, the construction of the vessel, which is on a principle totally different from that of any European ship, will afford an inexhaustible subject of interest.

**LOUIS PHILIPPE AND HIS FAMILY AT CLAREMONT.**—We have just visited the neighbourhood, where we have learned, on unquestionable authority, that the single hired carriage, with which Louis Philippe indulged the ex-Queen and himself during the first month, has been discontinued; and the only expense of that kind ventured upon is the hire of three cabs on a Sunday morning to convey the family to the Roman Catholic chapel at Weybridge. The whole of the household, chiefs and dependents, dine together. Every thing, including whatever wine and dessert is allowed, is placed on the table at once, without a single remove. There is only one servant in attendance in the room. The descendants of Charlemagne wait upon themselves and each other.—*Cambridge Advertiser*.

**EDUCATION IN IRELAND.**—The report of the Irish Education Commissioners for the year ending March 25, 1848, has been presented to Parliament. It states, that the Royal scholarships, founded and paid by the Commissioners, have been productive of much good, and, in many instances, supplied the means to those who, from adverse circumstances, would otherwise have been unable to take advantage of a University education, and to become useful members of society. The Commissioners report, that, although great privation and distress existed on some of the estates under their control, the conduct of the people has not been marked by any disposition to disturbance. They regret to state, that owing to a want of funds some of the diocesan school-houses have in many cases become dilapidated, and in many others nearly ruinous. The report is signed by Mr. Maziere Brady, the Lord Chancellor of Ireland, the Archbishop of Dublin, and Messrs. Blackburne, E. Meath, F. Sadleir, C. J. Elrington, J. Wilson, and R. Shaw. It is dated "Dublin, April 1, 1848."

**RAGGED SCHOOL UNION.**—The fourth anniversary meeting of the Union took place a few evenings ago in Exeter Hall. Lord Ashley in the chair. His Lordship addressed the friends of the Union, and observed that the experience of the last few years had proved that the schools were eminently adapted to the exigency of the times. The question had been asked, What would they do with the ragged children when they had educated them? but he (Lord Ashley) would ask, what would they do with them if they were not educated? He would urge all persons to pay a visit to the Ragged Schools, as he was convinced that a visit to them would insure sympathy and support. The report was then read, and resolutions expressive of the necessity of increased efforts on the part of the public for carrying out the contemplated advantages of the system were carried. Lord Kinnaird, the Rev. Dr. Cumming, and other gentlemen addressed the meeting. On the platform were the Marquis of Westminster, Lord Radstock, &c. A collection to the amount of 86*l.* was made.

#### AGENTS FOR INDIA.

Calcutta: Colvin, Ansley, Cowie, and Co.; Rosario and Co.  
Bombay: Woller and Co.; J. A. Briggs.  
Madras: Binney and Co.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS.

**EXHIBITION of MULREADY'S WORKS,** at the Society of Arts, Adelphi, to promote the formation of a NATIONAL GALLERY OF BRITISH ART, opens 5th June. Proofs of the SONNET, Lithographed by JOHN LINNELL, Jun., are now ready for delivery to Subscribers of 2*l.* 2*s.* May be seen at Cundall's, 12 Old Bond Street; and Colnaghi's, 13 Pall Mall East.

**CITY of LONDON LIFE ASSURANCE SOCIETY,**  
for Accumulative and General Assurances.  
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**IMPORTANT PATENT IMPROVEMENT** in CHRONOMETERS and WATCHES.—E. J. DENT, 82 STRAND, and 33 COCKSPUR STREET, by special appointment Chronometer, Watch, and Clockmaker to the Queen, His Royal Highness Prince Albert, and His Imperial Majesty the Emperor of Russia, and who obtained the high distinction of receiving the Government Reward for the unparalleled performance of the best Chronometer ever submitted to twelve months' public trial, begs to acquaint the public that the MANUFACTURE of his WATCHES, CHRONOMETERS, and CLOCKS, is SECURED to him by THREE SEPARATE PATENTS, respectively granted in 1836, 1840, and 1842. Silver Lever Watches, jewelled in four holes, 6l. 6s. each: in gold cases, from 8l. to 10l. extra. Gold Horizontal Watches, with gold dials, from 8l. 8s. to 12l. 12s. each. Dent's "Appendix" to his recent work on "Time-keepers" is now ready for circulation.

### Silver and Electro-Plate Superseded

BY RICHARD AND JOHN SLACK'S CHEMICALLY PURIFIED NICKEL SILVER.

A GOOD substitute for SILVER has long been sought after, and numerous have been the attempts to produce a perfect metal that will retain its colour when in use. How fruitless the attempts have been, the public know too well from the fact, that all their purchases have, after a few days' wear, exhibited a colour little better than brass. The very severe tests that have been applied to our metal (which in all cases it has withstood), at once places it pre-eminently above all others, and from its silver-like appearance, its intrinsic and valuable properties, give us confidence in asserting that it is, and must remain, the ONLY PURE AND PERFECT SUBSTITUTE FOR SILVER.

Table-spoons and Forks, per dozen . . . . .	12s. and 15s.	Fiddle Pattern.
Dessert ditto and ditto . . . . .	10s. and 13s.	
Tea ditto . . . . .	5s. and 6s.	
Strongest Fiddle. Thread Pattern. King's and Victoria Pattern.		
19s. . . . .	28s. . . . .	30s. . . . .
16s. . . . .	21s. . . . .	25s. . . . .
8s. . . . .	11s. . . . .	12s. . . . .

Cruet Frames with rich Cut Glasses, from 22s.

Table Candlesticks, 12s. per pair.

Tea-sets, and every article for the Table, at proportionate prices.

R. and J. S. beg to caution the public against several spurious imitations of their Articles, which are daily offered to the public as Albata British Plate. The genuine are to be had only at their Establishment, 336 STRAND, opposite Somerset House, where no inferior goods are kept.

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RICHARD and JOHN SLACK are now offering the most extensive and elegant assortment of Fenders in London, embracing the newest designs, at prices 30 per cent under any other house. Ornamental Iron Fenders, 3 feet long, 4s. 6d.; 3 feet 6 inches, 5s. 3d.; 4 feet, 6s.; ditto, bronzed, from 6s.; Bedroom Fenders, from 2s. 6d.; rich Scroll Fenders, with Steel Spear, any size, from 10s. Chamber Fire-Irons, 1s. 9d. per set; Parlour ditto, 3s. 6d.; superior ditto, with cut head and bright pans, from 6s. 6d.; new patterns, with bronzed head, 11s.; ditto, with ormolu and China heads, at proportionate prices.

BALANCE IVORY TABLE-KNIVES, 10s. per dozen; Dessert do. 9s.; Carvers, 3s. 6d. per pair. White bone Table-knives, 6s.; Dessert ditto, 4s.; Carvers, 2s. per pair. Superior Kitchen Table-knives and Forks, from 6s. 6d. per dozen. Table-knives, with pure Nickel Silver, Tables, 22s. per dozen; Dessert ditto, 18s.; Carvers, 6s. 6d. per pair, all marked RICHARD and JOHN SLACK, and warranted.

A SET OF THREE FULL-SIZED TEA-TRAYS, 6s. 6d.; superior Japan Gothic ditto, 13s. 6d.; Gothic paper ditto, 33s. Patent Dish Covers, set of six for 17s. Roasting Jack, complete, 7s. 6d.; Brass ditto, 9s. 6d. Coal Scuttles, from 1s. 6d.; and every description of Furnishing Ironmongery 30 per cent under any other house.

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RICHARD and JOHN SLACK, in submitting the above prices, beg it to be understood, it is for articles of the best quality only.

The extensive patronage their establishment has received during a period of nearly thirty years (1818), will be some proof the public have not been deceived; but as a further guarantee, they will continue to exchange any article not approved of, or return the money, it being their intention to sell only such articles as will do them credit, and give satisfaction by their durability.

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\* \* Their Illustrated Catalogue may be had gratis, or sent to any part post free.

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### FAMED THROUGHOUT THE GLOBE.

**HOLLOWAY'S PILLS.—DISORDER OF THE LIVER AND KIDNEYS.**

Extract of a Letter from Mr. J. K. Heydon, dated 78 King Street, Sydney, New South Wales, the 30th September, 1847.

To Professor HOLLOWAY.

SIR,—I have the pleasure to inform you that Stuart A. Donaldson, Esq., an eminent merchant and agriculturist, and also a magistrate of this town, called on me on the 18th instant, and purchased your medicines to the amount of Fourteen Pounds, to be forwarded to his Sheep Stations in New England. He stated that one of his Overseers had come to Sydney some time previously for medical aid, his disorder being an affection of the Liver and Kidneys; that he had placed the man for three months under the care of one of the best Surgeons, without any good resulting from the treatment; the man then, in despair, used your Pills and Ointment, and, much to his own and Mr. Donaldson's astonishment, was completely restored to his health by their means. Now this surprising cure was effected in about ten days.

(Signed) J. K. HEYDON.

Sold at the Establishment of Professor HOLLOWAY, 244 Strand (near Temple Bar), London, and by all respectable Druggists and Dealers in Medicines throughout the civilised world, at the following prices:—1s. 1d., 2s. 9d., 4s. 6d., 11s., 22s., and 33s. each Box. There is a considerable saving by taking the larger sizes.

N. B. Directions for the guidance of Patients in every Disorder are affixed to each Box.

### UNIVERSITY OF LONDON.

**NOTICE IS HEREBY GIVEN,** That the Annual Examination for MATRICULATION in this University will commence on TUESDAY the 4th of JULY.

The Certificate of Age must be transmitted to the Registrar fourteen days before the Examination begins.

By order of the Senate,

R. W. ROTHMAN, Registrar.

Somerset House, 15th May, 1848.

### CHINA and GLASS WAREROOMS, 210 REGENT STREET.

JOSEPH WHITE informs the Nobility, Gentry, and Public, that in consequence of contemplated alterations in his premises, he has determined to SELL OFF his extensive and well-selected modern Stock, comprising DINNER, DESSERT, TEA, and BREAKFAST SERVICES, in porcelain and earthenware; an extensive assortment of Table Glass, Chandeliers, Lamps, and ornamental goods, &c., the whole of the first manufacture, and which will be offered at extremely reduced prices. The Sale will commence on Monday, May 1st, and continue for a few weeks only.

210 Regent Street, opposite Conduit Street.

### CABINET and UPHOLSTERY WAREHOUSE,

and PLATE GLASS FACTORY, 24 PAVEMENT, FINSBURY, LONDON.—RICHARD A. C. LOADER respectfully solicits all parties about to furnish, and requiring furniture, to inspect his stock, which will be found to consist of the newest designs of furniture, of the best seasoned materials, at the lowest possible prices.

An estimate given for any quantity of goods, from one room to an entire house.

The Upholstery Department will be found equally low in price. All qualities of goods always in stock.

Carpets, Floor-cloths, Matting, and Bedding of all descriptions, at very reduced prices.

Books of Prices may be had on application, and also Books of Designs lent.

Spanish mahogany easy chairs, real morocco leather, stuffed, all hair, and spring seats, with continuation mahogany moulding to the backs, on patent castors . . . . . £2 12 6

Mahogany sweep-back chairs, with Trafalgar seats, stuffed with all best horse-hair, in hair seating, carved and splat polished . . . . . 0 14 6

Solid rosewood drawing-room chairs, in damask . . . . . 0 13 6

An early inspection is respectfully solicited, and your particular attention to the address is requested, in full,

RICHARD A. C. LOADER, 24 Pavement, Finsbury, London.

### EMERSON'S PATENT CEMENT PAINT.—This

valuable and economic Paint is ready for use, is simple in its application, and only one-sixth the cost of oil paint; for beauty it is pre-eminent over all other materials used on the fronts of houses, giving the exact appearance of fine cut Portland or other stone; it can be used at once on fresh Roman cement or other plastering, and is particularly calculated for country houses, villas, or gate entrances that have become soiled or dingy, which can be at once beautified in any weather, at a mere trifling cost.—Sold in casks of one or two cwt., at 8s. and 15s. each.

### PATENT MINERAL PAINT.

A brilliant black paint, invaluable as a coating for ships' sides and bottoms; also for all kinds of wood or metal work, or the asphalt roofing felts, leaky roofs, spouts and gutters, doors, sheds, railing, and all kinds of out-door work, and being perfectly water-proof, will preserve their surfaces from atmospheric influence and decay,—requires no preparation, and will dry in a few hours.—Price 2s. per gallon.

### PATENT ASPHALTE ROOFING AND SHEATHING FELT.

A large supply of the best quality, direct from the Manufactory, at low prices, for home and exportation.

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EVERY HORSE A PRIZE.

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6,000 at £5 0s.	£10,000	£5,000	£5,000	£5,000	£5,000
6,000 at 1 0	2,000	1,000	1,000	1,000	1,000
6,000 at 0 10	1,000	500	500	500	500
6,000 at 0 5	500	250	250	250	250
6,000 at 0 2	200	100	100	100	100

**PARTIES** desirous of securing Chances in the above Sweepstakes are invited to do so early, as each Sweep will be drawn immediately it is full.

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Ladies' communications will be kept secret. Correspondence addressed, and Money Orders made payable to, Richard Nicholls and James Parkinson, Temple Square, Aylesbury.

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J. CHAPPELL, 388 Strand, corner of Southampton Street, BOOT MAKER and PROFESSOR of FITTING, begs to call the attention of such to his method of Measuring, by which he guarantees at the first trial to produce a fit unprecedented for comfort, yet combined with the most fashionable shape.

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By a CONVERT to the CATHOLIC FAITH.

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**NURSERY GOVERNESS.**—A Young Person, between 20 and 30 years of age, who, with her two Sisters, has been cast destitute upon the world by her nearest relations, who are in comfortable circumstances, in consequence of her embracing the Catholic religion, is anxious to procure a SITUATION as NURSERY GOVERNESS. Her Sisters also are desirous of obtaining a livelihood in any domestic capacity.

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**CHURCH of ST. THOMAS of CANTERBURY, FULHAM.**—The SOLEMN OPENING of this Church will take place on TUESDAY, the 30th of May, when a PONTIFICAL HIGH MASS will be celebrated by the Right Rev. Bishop WISEMAN, at Eleven o'clock, and there will be Solemn Vespers at Half past Three o'clock.

Admission will be by Tickets, which may be had at Burns', 17 Portman Street; Dolman's, Bond Street; and Jones', 63 Paternoster Row. Sermons will be preached at both Services.

The Clergy are respectfully invited to come with Cassock and Surplice.

### Associated Catholic Charities.

**THE ANNIVERSARY DINNER** will take place at the FREEMASONS' TAVERN, on MONDAY, June 5th, 1848, the RIGHT REV. DR. WISEMAN, Bishop of Melipotamus, in the Chair.

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Donations and Subscriptions will be thankfully received by the above; by the Treasurer, the Hon. E. Petre, 26 Wilton Crescent; or may be paid into the London Joint-Stock Bank, 69 Pall Mall.

Tickets 17s., wine included. To be had of the Stewards; of the Honorary Secretaries; at the Sablonière Hotel, Leicester Square; at the Freemasons' Tavern; and of the General Secretary, 28 Golden Square. C. J. PAGLIANO, General Secretary.

**ST. PATRICK'S CATHOLIC SCHOOLS, and ASYLUM for FEMALE ORPHANS.**—The ANNUAL DINNER, in aid of the Funds of this Institution, will take place at the FREEMASONS' TAVERN on MONDAY, the 19th day of June next.

The Rt. Hon. the EARL OF ARUNDEL AND SURREY in the Chair.

Tickets Fifteen Shillings each, Wine included.

JAMES O'LEARY, Sec.

Committee Rooms, Tudor Place, Tottenham Court Road, May 11, 1848.

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"Both in conception and execution it appears to take its stand among the finest works of any time or country."—*Globe*.

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EDITED BY THE REV. EDWARD PRICE.

#### CONTENTS.

- Art. 1. The Spirit of Christian Art.
  2. Irish Agitators: Honest Tom Steele.
  3. Physiology of Boulogne-sur-Mer. By C. E. Jerningham, Esq.
  4. Adventures of a Schoolboy.—Chap. XIII.
  5. The Convent Friends.
- Reviews, &c. &c.

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For the convenience of the Trade, a Central Office for the publication of the RAMBLER has been opened at No. 19 Bouverie Street, Fleet Street, where Advertisements are received by Mr. S. EYRE until 12 o'clock on Thursday in every week.

Printed by George Levey, of Number 4 De Crespigny Terrace, Denmark Hill, in the County of Surrey; Printer, Charles Robson, of Number 56 Liverpool Street, King's Cross, in the County of Middlesex; Printer, and Francis Burdett Franklin, of Number 2 Cavenham Square, Pentonville, in the County of Middlesex; Printer, at their Printing Office, Great New Street, Fetter Lane, in the Parish of Saint Bride, in the City of London; and published by James Burns, of Number 17 Portman Street, Portman Square, in the Parish of Saint Marylebone, in the County of Middlesex; Publisher, on Saturday, May 27, 1848. Sold also by Jones, Paternoster Row; and by all Booksellers and News-agents.